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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

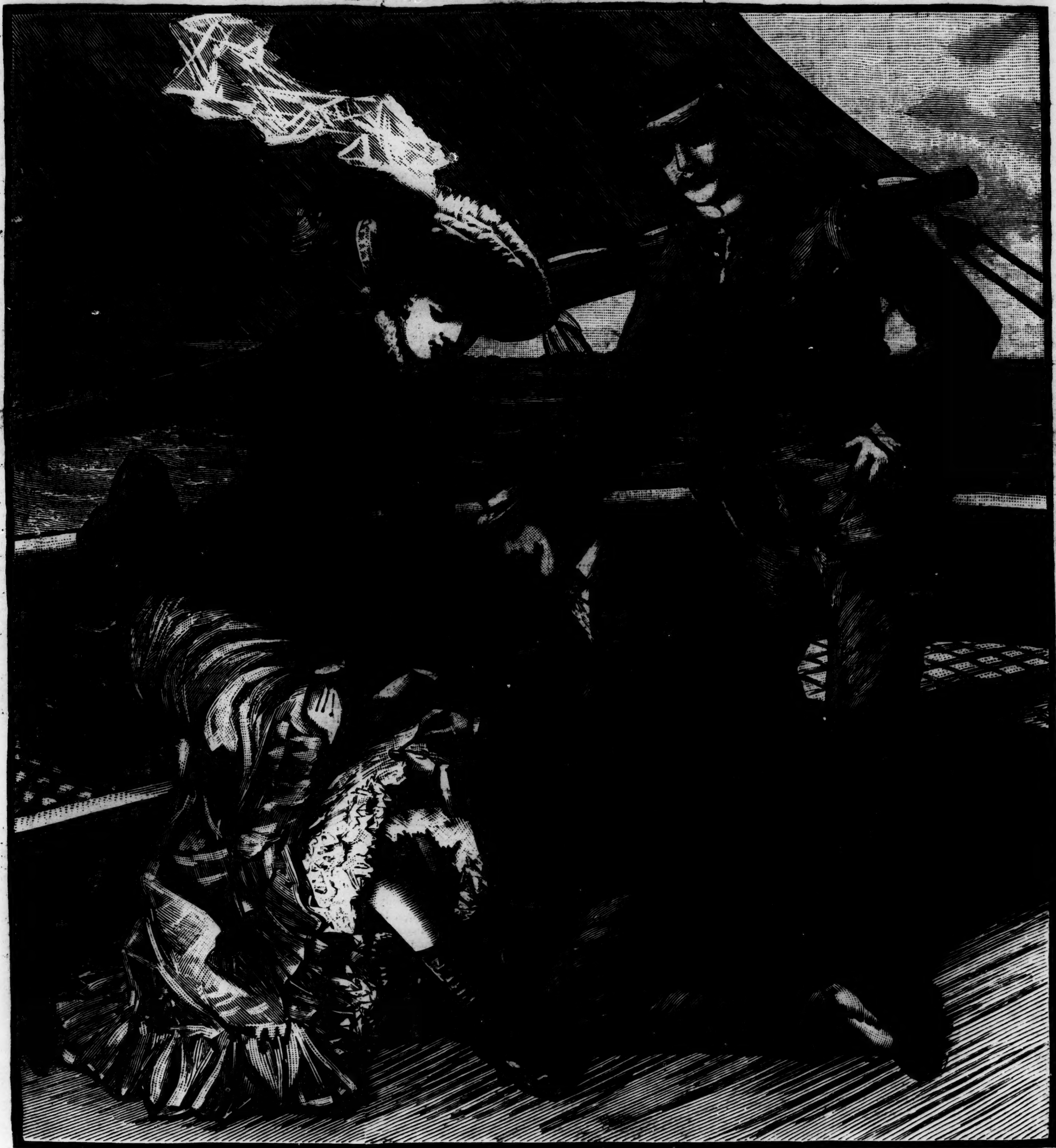
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1883.

VOLUME XLIII.—No. 319.
Price Ten Cents.



THE AUTOGRAPH SKIRT.

A NEW CRANK OF GIDDY FASHION WHICH IS REGARDED AS THE MOST IMPORTANT ITEM OF DRESS REFORM IN ARISTOCRATIC CIRCLES.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Sq. and Dover St., N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, November 3, 1883.

1,000,000 READERS EVERY WEEK!

IMPORTANT TO ADVERTISERS.

Electrotypes and display type will hereafter be inserted in the advertising columns of the POLICE GAZETTE at an advance of 33 1/3 per cent over regular rates.

As an advertising medium the POLICE GAZETTE is unequalled. It is read by fully a million readers every issue, and has an annual circulation of NINE MILLION COPIES.

Correspondence solicited and estimates furnished by the Publisher,

RICHARD K. FOX.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Ordinary Advertisements, per agate line.....	\$1.50
Large Type or Electrotypes, agate measurement, per line.....	2.00
Reading Notices, per line.....	2.50

ALTHOUGH striking is not a profitable business for most people, it has made John L. Sullivan worth \$80,000—in money.

A SANDUSKY man, after dressing for his wedding, committed suicide. Of two evils he evidently knew which one to choose.

A RELIGIOUS contemporary wants to know what we shall do with our tramps. We really don't know, unless make preachers of them.

WHISTLER, the wrestler, is sick in California. It is said that he wrestled a square match by mistake and the shock was too much for his nerves.

THE Chicago Herald says the eyes of the country are on Ben. Butler. Ben can only return half the compliment, unless he is allowed to look twice.

THE Young Prince George is a great duck hunter, but the old Prince, Halbert Hedward, is death on the dears—as far as their reputations are concerned.

THE German barber who married a colored belle of Flushing has already given her the shake. Their honeymoon has gone out in darkness, so to speak.

AN ordinary man is said to be a mile high under a microscope, but the magnifying apparatus has not yet been discovered which will render some men's souls even visible.

HAVING made all the money he can out of him, James R. Keene wants to sell Foxhall. Why don't he offer him to the Third Avenue railroad, or the Street Cleaning Bureau?

THE King of Siam is only 20 years old and has finger nails half a yard long. The precaution is rendered necessary by the fact that he has wives enough to keep all the nails busy.

THE Passion Play company are evidently losing their tempers if the assertion of the manager, whom they threaten to tar and feather because he won't settle their claims, is true.

THE Eastern potentate who had such a yearning to come across a happy man, might find one in England just now in the person from whom Victoria Woodhull is trying to get a divorce.

WILKIE COLLINS wears striped and spotted clothes, and William D. Howells parts his hair in the middle. When they commence to write for the POLICE GAZETTE they will learn better though.

THEY have got a sort of a Rose Clark-Ambler murder out in Lincoln, Ill. And you can bet they won't lose the murderer out there. Connecticut fashions are not popular in the great and glorious West.

To judge from the way New York philanthropists are howling for more parks for the poor, one might fancy they were something to eat. More bread and meat and coal for the poor would just now be a decidedly acceptable cry, but we don't hear any philanthropist getting ready to raise it.

HAMLET has been translated into Russian. Here is a chance for Frederick Paulding. They may stand him over there.

A WEALTHY Newark man, who bought his wife for \$25, is now kicking because she has run away from him. Trifling losses affect some people very seriously.

JACK HAVERLY has bobbed up serenely again. This time it is in Philadelphia. When he takes his usual header the Quaker City will know more about him than it does now.

THE John W. Lovell Company has issued Ed. Mott's "Pike County Folks," with illustrations by Fred. Oppen, of Puck. "Pike County Folks" is the boss funny book of the season, and Oppen's pictures match the text.

HOVEY considered Governor Cleveland "a brute" because he would not interfere to snatch him from the gallows. Hovey ought to know something about brutes, if the reporter did not lie who stated that he was very fond of looking at himself in the mirror.

LILLIAN SPENCER, having worked the sudden insanity dodge for all it was worth in the way of advertising, now announces that her mind is restored, and the theatre going public which had begun to breathe freer, is tucking its heart away in its boots again.

A MAN in Cincinnati wanted a divorce from his wife because she will read the POLICE GAZETTE, and a wife in Maryland wants one from her husband because he won't let her read the Bible. There is a chance for a trade, if the interested parties only knew it.

THE ingenious rogues who have been tapping the telegraph lines and making the pool sellers financially sick are getting their fine work in all over the country. If they only keep it up they will do for pool selling what the law evidently cannot—put a stop to it.

A YOUNG millionaire named Dadman is said to have been so seriously affected by the charms of a French opera bouffist that he has already played in \$40,000 on her, and yearns to make it more. Go it, while you are young, Dadman. You'll be a sad man and a wiser one before you are many years older.

MR. JAY GOULD lately told a Tribune reporter that he never read the Times. "It is supposed he devotes all of his leisure time to the POLICE GAZETTE, which is published for the especial benefit of the lambs," says the Rochester Herald. Mr. Gould was always famous for his good taste in literature and art, so how can he help it.

THE Philadelphia Call, in an article entitled "A Word to Barbers," gives the following very sensible advice:

"Always keep on your table a copy of the POLICE GAZETTE. It is indispensable to every well regulated barber shop."

Right you are, brother, Call again.

THE man who wants to eat up Sullivan, still writes to us by every mail. Why don't he try his hand on the champion instead of on paper for us? We have never yet been able to read what he writes, and our Chinese editor has gone home to give the French the benefit of his sporting experience in New York.

CYRUS W. FIELD objects to the new aqueduct going under his property. He wants it to go under some other man's. Now let the other man speak up, and give us his objections. The fact is that about the only way the aqueduct can be built without hurting any one's corns is to hang it from balloons through the air, high enough not to interfere with the telegraph lines.

MRS. LANGTRY is among us. So are Ennery Hirling, Hellen Terry and Col. Mapleson, Heskire. But the old world rolls around all the same. Singular, isn't it, how little attention the old world pays to the great people who condescend to adorn it? Even George Francis Train might give up the ghost, and not cause the loss of a fraction of a revolution.

THE operatic managers of New York are at war, and discord reigns in our palaces of melody. It requires no prophetic power to foresee the result of a season which opens thus. The man with the heaviest backing is going to hold out, and that man just now is Henry A. Abbey. This is going to be a cold winter for Col. Mapleson, Esq., of Her Majesty's Horse Marines, and he won't forget it if he pulls through it alive. New York can stand any number of rival variety shows, but opposition grand operas—no, never.

THE Hovey cigarette is already in the market, and our young toughs are commencing to rapidly smoke themselves into a condition to emulate the late lamented victim of Jack Ketch in his achievements.

THE St. Louis switchmen went on strike, and said that if they didn't beat the railroad company it wouldn't be their fault. But they didn't beat them, and now they lay the blame on the hands of the company hired.

THE removals of officials in the City Hall still go on. So do the removals of money. Wouldn't it be a good plan to remove the money to a safe place, now, and keep it there till a new sort of officeholder, who won't steal when he gets a chance, is discovered?

A MAN who began life as a pirate on the high seas has just died over in Jersey in the comparatively peaceful performance of his duties as a musician. His instrument was the cornet, and those who heard him play are said to have frequently envied the victims he caused to walk the plank.

BUFFALO OWNS a priest who makes a business of selling liquor without a license, and his congregation have patronized him so freely that he has narrowly escaped lynching. Hereafter he will probably confine his spirituous ministrations to the general public and keep even the side door shut against members of his flock.

THE friends of Eli Johnson, the blue ribbon voluptuary, are commencing to acknowledge that if he had been as temperate in his life as in his advice to others he would be better off. But Eli is like most of his kind. His doctrines are, don't do as I do, but do as I tell you, and you will be all right, and he enforces them by providing a terrible example in himself.

THE dude has been discovered to be of some use at last, if the report which comes to us from Jersey that one has turned horse thief there is true. But then he may not be a real dude. The ground on which the Jerseymen base this aspersion of his character is that he won't eat the mush and molasses provided by the jail as a chronic diet, and a man need not be a dude to kick at such provender, especially as it is prepared in a Jersey jail.

THE trustees of the Garfield National Monument Association, in Cleveland, are out inviting bids for a monument to Guiteau's victim. Now the best artists will send in their models, and the worst artist with the most political influence will get the job, as usual. It is about time this humbug in regard to public competition in the monumental line should cease. It only puts the poor devils who compete to trouble and expense, and impresses no one with an idea of fair dealing on the part of those who control the monument funds.

ONE of our daily papers denounces Henry George in the fiercest terms as a money making demagogue. It would be a good thing for the world if we had a few more such demagogues among us. They are honest even in their mistakes, and their services to humanity far more than offset their errors. No man is infallible, and the more important the work he undertakes the more likely he is to blunder in it now and then. But in the main the ideas of Henry George are sound ones, and will in time be acknowledged to be such, for the benefit of mankind.

ANOTHER PHASE OF PROHIBITION.

(From the Sioux City Daily Times.)

The same kind of fanaticism that forced prohibition as an issue into the campaign just closed, and on which the broad gauge intelligence of the State so emphatically placed its seal of condemnation, is cropping out in another guise at Burlington, this State, where an effort is being made to suppress the New York Illustrated POLICE GAZETTE as an immoral and indecent newspaper, etc. The Burlington newspapers don't give the names of the dyspeptic, half made, and bodily and mind deformed male abortions on the human family who are attempting to do the suppressing, but there is justification for the assertion that there is more Christianity, pure charity, straight virtue, and manhood in the conduct, thoughts and physique of Richard K. Fox, editor and proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE than in the batch of canting human deformities who are railing at the so-called immoral illustrations and reading matter in the paper referred to. If this country must and will have newspapers devoted to the "manly art" and sporting news generally, it can have no more clean skirted organ than the POLICE GAZETTE, or high toned gentleman to direct its management than Richard K. Fox.

SOME FUNNY BUSINESS.

Scintillations of Humor and Alleged Wit,
Culled from Many Sources.

A SAFE blower—A pair of bellows.
THE light guard—A glass chimney.
PASSED balls—Last winter's festivities.
A DRUNKEN musician is a play "full" man.
A PLAYWRIGHT often writes his play wrong.
THE latest domestic song is, "Papa's Pants are Baggy at the Knees."
A FINANCIAL failure—Trying to pass a three cent piece for a dime.

HOW THE tobacco habit is spreading. Even horses smoke after a hard run.
AN Hawaiian schoolgirl wants to know if a grass widow is one whose husband died from hay fever.

"LOVE," says an experienced Romeo, "may appear in a pint of peanuts or in a mouthful of tasty or in tea cents' worth of caramels."

"PLEASE give me something, sir," says an old woman. "I had a blind child; he was my only means of subsistence, and the poor boy has recovered his sight."

So many people are dying in all parts of the country just now, at the advanced age of 105 years that a man under 85 feels kind of bashful about going into a barber shop.

"HOME, schweed home!" said Hans; "dot's so; dere vas no place like home ven a feller he got him hungry und don'd haf no moneys und no place to schleep himself out."

When I thinks of wot I is
An' wot I used to wos,
I think I throwed myself away
Without sufficient cos!

"I DON'T object to codfish as an occasional luxury," remarked Mr. Oldboarder at breakfast, "but for steady feed it's altogether too briny for my blood." But the landlady told him he was too Irish.

"WHAT are you laughing at, my dear?" asked Mrs. Jones of her husband, who was chuckling over his morning paper. "Something I saw here," he replied, "but it's hardly funny enough for two."

"THE belted balcyon laughs," says Maurice Thompson, the poet, "and the wren comes twittering from his bushy den." The "belted balcyon" is probably a champion, and laughs because he has the belt.

"Do something religious," the parson cried.
"If you would enjoy your life."
"I will," the sinner bold replied.
And he stole the deacon's wife.

"SHOW me the way up to a higher plane," writes Ella Wheeler, the Western poetess. Couldn't do it Ella, if we tried. We always sit in the orchestra. If you have a gallery ticket the usher will show you up.

"TOASTING A BABY" is the head of a report of a banquet in one of our exchanges. They may be better that way than in a raw state, though some persons may prefer them broiled. It is hard to please all tastes.

A STUPID looking tramp knocked at one of the finest residences in Austin, and was received by the lady of the house. "What do you want?" "Please, 'em, give me a dime to buy a glass of beer." "Scuse me, I mean a loaf of beer."

It is said that the new postage stamps will be a "mineral" red color, and in order to enlighten those who may not know what a "mineral" red is, a contemporary says that it is a cross between crushed strawberry and spanked baby.

"NO, SIR," said the man, "you needn't tell me a woman ever had her dress pocket picked. I don't believe a thief could discover it. I know I've tried for two hours to find the pocket of one of my wife's dresses, and then had to give it up."

DR. FRANK HAMILTON says that at least once a day girls should have their halters taken off, the bars let down, and be turned loose, like young colts. But they wouldn't be able to frisk around like young colts, unless some other portions of their harness were also taken off—the corset, for instance.

I SAW a look so wan and worn,
My heart was quick with anguish torn
To see her grief. Quoth I, "What thorn
Does scratch the face of girlhood's morn?"
Then quoth she, mingling tears with scorn,
"For goodness' sake, get off my corn!"

A HEALTH journal says: "Too thick underclothing causes unnatural redness in the face and nose." If a person buys his underclothing by the gallon, and puts a tumbler full into his vital parts too thick it probably does have that effect. Beware of underclothing that comes in jugs.

THE Spaniards have a hard time pronouncing cockroach. Here is a sample: "Cochasocha." "No; cock-roach," repeated the tutor. "Cockaroca," said the Spaniard. "Try now; c-o-c-k-r-o-a-c-h, cock-roach." "Kockrocha," said the Spaniard. "Say cock." "Crocka." "Now roach." "Rocha." "Now cockroach." "Crockarocha." "Now tell what it is." "Smalla bugga."

A REPUBLICAN C. young man,
A right up to T. young man,
With buying up votes
And making turncoats
He's strapped to a V. young man.
An election day young man,
A chuck full of beer young man,
After spending his chink
On every one who would drink
He's a "Salt River tar young man."

A VIGILANT sentinel is posted at the door of a picture gallery with strict orders of the customary character. A sightseer happens along and is promptly halted. "Here, sir, you must leave your cane at the door." "But, my friend, I haven't got any cane." "Then go back and get one. No one is allowed to pass in here unless he leaves his cane at the door. Orders is orders."

STAGE WHISPERS.

The Queer Doings of Scaly Managers and Dimmed Theatrical Stars.

A Salacious Salad of Dramatic Tid-Bits, with Plenty of Spicy and Pungent Seasoning.

THE terrible mortality among members of the theatrical profession this year is frightening off some of the later *debutantes*. They begin to believe that the stage is, after all, under an especial curse.

In Kansas City they write up Den Thompson and "Joshua Whitcomb" as if they were new attractions. It will be interesting to read the Kansas City newspapers when "Hamlet" is first produced there.

CLARA MORRIS is growing fat, and as she grows stout deteriorates as an actress. If she keeps on and makes much beef she will lose all her emotional power. Fred. Harriot had better fall back on his old racket and knock a little of the stuffing out of her, if he wants her to continue as a means of livelihood for him.

THE fellow who gets up the *Tribune* almanac is at work, for a side show, on a calculation of the number of secretaries Henry Abbey requires since he gave up watchmaking for fraud operative management. So far as heard from, up to date, Abbey's secretarial staff embraces 33 men, two boys and a woman. This is doing pretty well.

THE successful run of Francesca da Rimini in New York, is due as much as anything else to the good sense, loyalty and skill of Joe Levy, Barrett's present manager. It looked at one time as if Barrett would find it pretty hard to find a successor to Bob Stevens—but in Levy he has certainly discovered the man of his necessities.

A VERY pretty and pastoral story is going round the country about the great tribulation Leigh Lynch, of the Union Square theatre, showed when he was \$100 short in his accounts, thanks to the ingenuity with which Jim "ollier" "pinched" that amount as a rebuke to him for his carelessness. Those who know Lynch can't help chuckling at the story—it is a deliriously thin.

"DAVID BELASCO has sold three of his plays to the Frohmans." Ha! ha! ha! What was these Sheeneys are! As if David Belasco, the Frohmans, the McLeachys, the Klawns and all the rest of them were not one and the same person. We'll next be solemnly informed that "the Frohmans have discovered a very promising young actress in a Boston girl, Bridget Cavanaugh by name."

"MAUDE GRANGER is ill again." It is about time this interesting rival of Sarah Jane Jewett, as a puff catcher, either shuffled off her mortal coil or found some other way to get into the newspapers than the constant proclamation that she is "dangerously ill" every time she shuts off or takes too much opium. Even Clara Morris has had to drop the invalid dodge on account of public indifference to it.

THE middle aged, vaporish and unpleasant old maid, who calls herself Miss Sarah Jane Jewett, and who makes more money by being a failure than any perpetually collapsible fraud in the country, is now the "leading lady of Mr. John Stetson's dramatic combination." As soon as John discovers the precise draught of his "leading lady," she will likely hear language of a kind to kindle fresh resentment in her flat and virginal bosom. Sary had better join Modjeska in her retreat into an old ladies' home.

THANK heaven, in this 19th century of ours, the theatre is rapidly reaching its true and proper level as a popular institution. In Springfield, Ill., "Hamlet" was played by Fred Ward to \$50, and "Jesse James" by the Ford Brothers to \$600. Educated people wouldn't go to see the one and all the roughs and criminals in town were brought out by the other. Fifty years from now a gentleman will as soon ask his wife or sweetheart to go to a theatre as he would invite her nowadays to go to a gin shop or a house of ill-fame.

SARA BERNHARDT's "little accident," now grown to be a young man and a manager, has challenged a couple of "arisan editors for aspersing the character of his chaste and virtuous mamma. The editors caustically decline to meet him on the ground that he isn't a gentleman and can't, in a pinch, call the name of his father. This is rather rough on poor Maurice Bernhardt, especially as it has always been thought of him that he had a rather larger superficial area of fathers than any other living Frenchman—that he was, in fact, the last man to be short of a father.

A FRESH batch—no, not a fresh, but a new batch—of English chorus singers and ballet girls is coming out here in the steerage of the City of Rome, consigned to Townsend Percy, the ginger-whiskered dude of "dramatic" "journalism." Percy has filed a guarantee to "place" each of them as a comic opera prima donna—so vast is his "influence" in comic opera circles. Percy, by the way, promises every chorus girl he runs across "a soft thing." Contrary to general opinion the offer embraces not his heart but his head. It's the one soft thing he's got to dispose of, and he gives it away at every opportunity.

THE POLICE GAZETTE has such a very unpleasant habit of telling the truth that the emasculated idiots who write what they can't feel for the daily press call it a "low" paper. Among these is a fat, oily fraud of a fellow who having made all he could as a Washington correspondent now "works" the theatrical world, using as the basis of his articles paragraphs which appear first in these columns. It is this same bulky edition of the Art of Blackmail who got deservedly thrashed in a hotel not long ago, by the boy-brother of an actress whom he had slandered.

DICK MANSFIELD, the most conceited and detestable ass whose shallow brain was ever turned by flattery has scared Shook & Collier into starring him as the Baron Chevalier in "A Parisian Romance." He was driven out of San Francisco by Charley Reed's burlesque, "A Parisian Romance," and comes back East with a slightly diminished faith in his own infallibility. If this sublimated fool and exuberant egotist who his deserts there would soon be a corner in cabbages, and hens would have to be trained to lay rotten eggs to meet the demand for that expressive form of criticism.

THAT sweet scented little Sheeney, Adonis "Teddy" Solomon, has just narrowly escaped penal servitude in England. He got \$750 worth of jewelry from a co-religionist, and "hocked" it for a ridiculously small sum. This is felony under the British law, and if "Teddy's" friends hadn't come to his rescue with great celerity, the Hebrew composer of Billee Taylor would have been performing a variety of pedestrian feats on a tread-mill by this time.

IRVING is not going to give the scandal-mongers such a magnificent chance to whack away at him as Mrs. Langtry did. Everybody has been on the *qui vive* to know how open may be the relations between himself and Ellen Terry (who, like himself, is married). It will be a very cold day when Irving gets left, for while he will live at the Brevort House, Miss Terry will be quartered at the Hotel Dam. Thus will distance lend enchantment to whatever actual ties unite Mr. Broadbribb to his leading lady. At all events, it is a good deal safer thus than would be a repetition of the experiences of Freddy and Lily in their palace car.

SHERIFF HOOVER, of Uniontown, Pa., seems to be an unusually level headed and intelligent fellow. A lot of impudent bums, members of the Wilbur opera company, took it upon themselves to go to the county jail (as visitors this time) and sing to the prisoners. The sheriff, probably realizing that the fate of his boarders was hard enough without having a performance by the Wilbur opera company added to their distress, refused to admit the singers unless they came in the regular way, as tramps and bloats. This the Wilbur opera company wasn't quite ready to do, so the Uniontown prisoners were temporarily bereft of their society.

EVERY week the Sheeney clique who run the Madison Square theatre, and who are better known as the society for the promotion of Bridget Cavanaugh alias George Cayvan, give the POLICE GAZETTE a chance to point out their sly dodges for shoving themselves and their friends at the expense of the canting old bogus Christian, Doctor Mallory. This time we beg to call the attention of the venerable but addipated doctor to the fact that the Sheeneys have rung in Harry Callender on him as a deputy manager. Harry is associated with Gus Frohman in the management of Callender's Minstrels. Hence the addition of his name to the Madison Square pay roll. It is a very refrigerative variety of day when the Frohman family, its aids, accomplices and abettors, don't catch on to the best seats in the parlor car.

NO SOONER did Gus Levick's beaten and deserted wife obtain a divorce from him, than the third or fourth Mrs. Edward Arnott—it is hard to tell which—followed her example. Arnott, whose real name is Job, and who used to be a cavalry soldier in the British army, has a really remarkable talent for marrying, abandoning his wives and getting into the newspapers. He is several marriages ahead even of De Belleville, so far as heard from. After all, the wives of such fellows as Arnott and Levick and their kind deserve no sympathy. They fall in love at the theatre, and usually marry their idols, at the shortest possible notice, in spite of their parents' opposition. They deserve all they get, and he is almost as big a fool as they are who wastes his compassion on them. Any woman mad enough to marry an actor, ought to be allowed, if necessary, to expiate the crime with her life.

TOWNSEND PERCY, the red headed dude, who receives ballet girls on consignment from London and guarantees to find them all employment as comic opera *prime donne* the moment they get here, has at last succeeded in throwing *Music and Drama*, founded by Jumbo C. Freund, into irremediable bankruptcy. A receiver has been appointed and poor Albert Weber will try desperately to get back about 1-10th of one per cent of his investment in theatrical "journalism." There is apparently nothing left for Mr. Percy to do but to start an employment agency by means of which he can find situations for some of his ballet girls in kitchen and wash house, which they are best calculated to adorn. That they need not always remain servant girls, but may in time become stars of the first magnitude, is assured them by the careers of Bridget Cavanaugh, alias Adah Richmond, and Martha O'Reilly Cutler, alias Bertha Welby.

SOME wild wag has started the report that a meeting is to take place, of legitimate and variety actors, to do something to show the contempt and loathing of the profession for Mike Rents, a rascal who has been exposed and denounced in Columbus for months. Mike, it seems, sent a company of American actors to perform in "Evangeline" in Germany, and when he found the Germans wouldn't pay to see such trash, calmly shut off supplies and left his victims to starve in a strange country. The idea of actors meeting to denounce a manager for such conduct! It would be scarcely more remarkable if a flock of sheep—black sheep at that—met together to denounce the wolves for devouring them. Why, there isn't an actor on this globe who wouldn't join Mike Rents's most disreputable Cherry street dance house show tomorrow if Mike were to ask him, and offer him an advance of \$10. There isn't a meaner, a more selfish, a more spiritless or a more dastard bound to be found anywhere than an actor.

POOR Alice Oates has sunk, they say, to the level of Mike Rents, and is to join his barelegged female minstrel show. Mike Rents it will be remembered, is the Israelite who puts up such "loud" printing that all the "toughs" in a town rush to see his show, and the police attend in a body, to pull it. But when the curtain goes up it discloses a stage full of the weirdest and most battered old hens ever retired by age and indisposition from the sailors' dance houses on Dover and Cherry streets. Even the most imaginative policeman fails to see anything lewd or voluptuous in such a melancholy and scrofulous display, so the show is never pulled, but goes on its way rejoicing to the next stand. It is into the bosom of this select coterie that Alice has been gathered at last. What a conclusion to the career of the bright, pretty, modest and fascinating young girl whom poor Jim Oates taught to sing, and who only retained his name, in return, to drag it through the gutter! However, hers is the logical attend of all actresses, and it is absurd to waste even pity on her decay.

MORE trouble in the old man's camp, and more reason for the last firing rumors that he is going crazy. Dying Boucicault made his daughter Eve marry a great big slobering English actor, named Clayton, who speaks always as if he had the quinsy or a hot potato in his mouth. Tals Clayton, Boucicault tried to "shove" at Wallack's, and afterward brought out in that miraculous rot, "Rescued," at Booth's.

The American public, however, not owing Mr. Clayton any money, wouldn't have him at any price, and his fond father-in-law had to send him back to England. Now it turns out that Mrs. Clayton, otherwise Miss Eve Boucicault, has run away from her quinsical consort with a fellow named Claremont, who used to be Clayton's partner. Claremont "backed" Clayton, and it may be with Clayton's consent, wound up by taking Mrs. Clayton as payment in full for all the money, borrowed and otherwise, that Clayton couldn't or wouldn't pay back to him. The newly allied pair are said to be in America. They will no doubt soon join old Boucicault and Miss Sarah Martin (Sadie Martinot), and thus complete about as pretty a spectacle of decency and morality as ever was got up on the stage by the stage.

LAST week the POLICE GAZETTE declared that John R. Rogers was the smartest manager and advertiser in the theatrical profession, because he never stopped at anything for an effect. Here is an example just received from London: "At the Grand theatre on Saturday evening during the performance of Miss Minnie Palmer, the American actress, a large bouquet was thrown to her from a private box occupied by three swells. As she picked it up a note dropped from it and fell upon the stage in full view of the audience. The lady secured it as she was leaving the stage and turned it over to Mr. John R. Rogers, her husband and manager. It proved to be an invitation to Miss Palmer, couched in suggestive language, to take supper with the three at the German Embassy, after the performance. Mr. Rogers immediately entered the box, seized the biggest of the trio, thrashed him soundly and ejected him from the theatre. The crowd outside took the fellow in hand, upon learning the nature of his offense, stripped off his clothes and pelted him with mud until he finally escaped. The other two, fearing Mr. Rogers' return and the indignation of the audience, incontinently bolted." The key to the "dodge" is that John hired three fellows to insult his wife and submit to a thrashing and a mobbing, in order to keep her name before the public.

A FEW weeks ago the story of Fay Templeton's marriage and divorce appeared in *For's Week's Doings* (which is nowadays the most accurate theatrical authority published in America). Here is what the *Minneapolis Journal* says of her on her return to the stage, as predicted in the *Doings*. Of course the sentimental twaddle of our Minneapolis contemporary is to be played with a copper: "When last we saw Fay Templeton she was a boydenish girl, without a care in the world. It was not long ago, but in the time that has passed since she last smiled on a Minneapolis audience changes for her have been many. She has successively become a wife and an applicant for a divorce from a husband whose occupation alone should have been sufficient to have warned her against making the alliance. To-day Fay Templeton is no longer a girl. Her form has rounded out magnificently, and with the change which makes her a woman has come a change in her manner. She has lost much of her sprightliness, and while she has grown handsomer and has an improved voice, yet there is lacking in her a something which used to prove so winsome. As she stood apart from the throng last evening one could but notice that her face bore evidences of a great sorrow, and a frequent sigh told better than words can picture that the spontaneous gaiety of bygone days had departed, and that in its place had come a shadow which had marred the happiness of her young life. She sang the part of *Betina* well, but the vivaciousness of old days was lacking."

THE row between the Kiralfys and Pool & Gilmore opens up the ticket speculator fraud about as thoroughly as one could wish. The POLICE GAZETTE has always insisted that the various managers are actually partners with the speculators and share in their gains. It was only a couple of weeks ago that we called attention to Bob Morris' annual dodge of giving the local managers a chance to denounce ticket speculators. We added that, as a matter of fact, every local manager was actually hand-in-glove with some speculator or another, and farmed out the "privilege" at a regular rental. The Kiralfys brought a legal accusation against Pool & Gilmore to that effect, on which Gilmore, who has always been one of the loudest denunciators of "speculation," confessed that Brown, the "official" speculator at Niblo's, actually pays him so much a year for a monopoly of "outside" profit. Now the POLICE GAZETTE, thus justified by the confession of a chief offender, renews the charge that in the lobby of every theatre in New York is a ticket speculator who is recognized and provided with the best seats by the management, and who is as much a member of the staff of that theatre as the doorkeeper or the property man. For example, the Theatre Comique has a regular ticket speculator, named Gould; Wallack's has another, named Hamilton, and so on. These facts are notorious, and unless there is something criminal in them no manager ought to be ashamed of confessing his adhesion to a regular practice.

THE skin Sheeney by the name of Clayburgh who used to work the Eighth avenue clothiers and who afterwards kept customers away from Weber's piano rooms by his astounding "freshness," has invented the biggest kind of an advertising dodge for his wife, Lillian Spencer. His first experiment was after a good old model. He announced that her father had died and left her a fortune. The public, however, didn't seem to care ten cents about the old man or his heiress, so last week in Atlanta, Clayburgh worked up the scheme described below—and it will prove a sure winner: When the end of the third act was reached and in the mad scene, when "Duhamel" threatens to put her in the mad-house, Miss Spencer was evidently worked up to the full fervor of the scene. "George," she said, while the audience was at the full heat of excitement, "you have ruined my face, you have blighted my life; you have ruined me." Here she grasped him frantically. "You have mocked at my sufferings. By right of suffering you belong to me, for you have made me what I am." She stood trembling with emotion, while the audience sat spell bound. She reeled and fell behind the third entrance, and as she fell she was caught in the arms of Mr. Frank Irving, stage manager, who tried to soothe her, but she threw him violently aside, exclaiming, "He has ruined me. He has made me what I am." Between the play and the reality the audience was at a loss to judge, but judging from the manner in which she fought on the stage—and defied strong men to touch her, soon showed that she was suffering from mental aberration. The medal, so far this year belongs to Clayburgh, and he will be bitterly cursed by every other agent and manager on the road as the boss liar of the present theatrical season.

CLABE YOUNG'S CAREER OF CRIME.

A Noted Texan Murderer and Highway Robber Found in Wyoming.

[With Portrait.]

Clabe Young, one of the most notorious of Texan bandits, has just been jailed in Tilden, Texas, where six years ago he committed a cruel and unprovoked murder. The story of his crimes and capture reads like a romance. For years prior to 1878 Clabe and his brother, Bill, had been the leaders of a gang of outlaws and road agents, who terrorized a large district in the southwestern portion of Texas. They shot down peaceable citizens by the score, robbed banks and individuals and stole horses and cattle, which they ran into Mexico and sold at low prices. At last, urged to desperate means by the extremities of the situation, the citizens organized a band for the purpose of putting a stop to these high-handed outrages. Just at this time Clabe Young rode into the town of Tilden, and brutally shot down in open daylight an inoffensive Irishman named O'Donnell. This was in November, 1878. Learning that the rangers were on their track, the Young brothers and the other members of the gang fled the country, and although the State authorities offered large rewards for their arrest and skilled detectives were put on the scent of the leaders no clew to their whereabouts was ever discovered.

About three months ago Detective Flankbone, of Capt. Tuttle's Chicago Detective agency, while on an important mission to Wyoming, chanced to meet a man whose countenance seemed familiar to him. After some reflection he decided that the man was the original of a picture in the rogues' gallery at Tuttle's agency, and a fugitive from justice. He communicated with the agency, giving a description of the man, and was informed in reply that the description was identical with that of Clabe Young, who was wanted in Texas for various crimes. The detective was ordered to go to Texas at once and obtain what information was necessary, with a view to arresting the fugitive. This he did. He learned that Young was a native of Liveoak county, Texas, and stood indicted for murder, highway robbery, larceny and cattle stealing. Selecting the indictment of murder on which to obtain a requisition for the arrest of Young, the detective returned to Wyoming. He succeeded in locating the outlaw near Sand Creek pass, at the foot of Table Mountain, about 65 miles south of the town of Rawlins. He was living on a ranch with one Mrs. Castro, whose husband he had driven away from home a year before, literally robbing the man of his wife, his ranch, and \$1,700 worth of cattle.

The detective, accompanied by Sheriff Miller, of Carbon county, and his deputy, proceeded to the vicinity of the Castro ranch, Sept. 23, arriving there in the night. At about 3 o'clock in the morning the three men secreted themselves in some bushes near the house, and waited for daylight. As soon as the first signs of life were observed about the place the officers went to the front door and knocked. A voice sang out, "Come in." They entered and found Clabe Young sitting on the side of the bed, with his pants and one boot on. Without appearing greatly surprised at so early a visit, the outlaw invited the men to be seated, and remarked that as the morning was cold he would bring in the whiskey bottle. He pulled on his other boot, and rose, apparently to go into a rear room, when the detective and sheriff suddenly seized him by the arms and held him fast, while the deputy covered him with a revolver. Young made one desperate lunge to escape, but before he could make a second effort his wrists were pinched by nippers, and the next instant a pair of handcuffs were adjusted. Mrs. Castro came running in with a double barreled shot gun, and cried out: "Clabe, for God's sake can't you use this?"

The outlaw struggled to gain possession of the weapon, but seeing that his efforts were useless, he exclaimed: "No, sis, I guess the game's up."

Mrs. Castro's two sons, however, also rushed into the room, one armed with a butcherknife and the other with a bar of iron; but they were both speedily disarmed, as was also Mrs. Castro. The boys were taken into custody, and with Young were conveyed to Rawlins and put in jail.

A special train was provided for the detective at Rawlins, and he proceeded at once to Cheyenne with his prisoner. After a brief delay there the journey was resumed, and officer and prisoner are now in Texas. Young is down-hearted, and thinks he will be hanged. All his bravado has left him since his arrest, and he frequently breaks down and weeps bitterly. He admits that he murdered O'Donnell, but declares that he was drunk at the time. Young is about 32 years of age, 5 feet 11 inches in height, of medium build, with indescribable gray eyes, sharp features, and a whining voice. He looks the cunning, cowardly desperado that he is. His career in Wyoming has been an eventful one, almost equal in point of desperate deeds to his wild life in Texas. On one occasion while under the influence of liquor, he rode into a circus tent while the performance was in progress, and with a revolver in each hand began firing right and left, calling upon the people to clear out, as he intended to run the show himself. He created a terrible panic in the audience and a general stampede, and escaped.

Officers are now on the track of Bill Young in the northern part of Wyoming, and it is expected that several arrests will follow as the sequel to the capture of this king of rustlers. The Young brothers have long been associated with some of the most noted of border outlaws, among them "Big-Nosed George," of Texas; Lew Hall, the famous cattle thief; Jesse and Frank James, and Middleton, the stage robber, who was hanged at Rawlins three years ago.

A NEW AUTOGRAPH ALBUM.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Now that the bathing season is over, yachting parties are all the rage, and the young ladies who take them in are as full of fun as those who go bathing on the sea shore. They wear around their necks a pink ribbon on which their gentlemen friends write their names, and this they call the "autographic ribbon," but when the ribbon is filled they are still at a loss. At a recent regatta a POLICE GAZETTE special artist had the pleasure of seeing one of the fair guests draw the stiff starched skirt across her knees and ask for the names of her gentlemen friends to be written upon it with an indelible pencil which she provided. This modest request was complied with. Inquiry developed the fact, that those who can show to their friends the largest list of names take the cake. As the reader will admit, they ought to. The autograph spirit is said to beat the divided skirt all hollow in fashionable popularity.



JOHN IRVING,

THE NOTED THIEF, KILLED IN A BARROOM DUEL; NEW YORK.

He Went Too Far.

That portion of fashionable New York society that was taking an airing on the principal drive of Central Park on one of the balmy afternoons of last week was treated to a sensation. It was nothing more or less than a sedate looking liveried coachman of a stylish turn-out turning suddenly around in his seat and belaboring with his whip a stylish young man who was one of his passengers. The flogging was accompanied with an explosion of angry eloquence in the finest Irish brogue from the infuriated driver. The young man who was the object of the whip and tongue lashing became suddenly aware that he had gone too far, and evinced a disposition to get out and walk, but the horses were kept on a brisk trot and he had to stand and take his punishment.

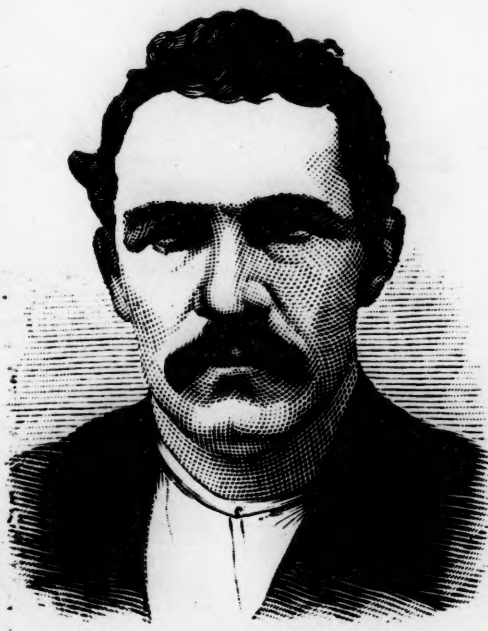
The matter was explained in the Yorkville police court the next day, when the gentleman had the coachman brought up for assault and battery. It appears that the complainant, who is a young man about town, recently made the acquaintance of a bewitching young lady while strolling through the park. She represented herself as the daughter of wealthy parents, who had not yet returned from their summer residence at Newport. She was left alone in the city house on Fifth avenue, with no companions but the servants, and was dying of ennui. She was so glad to meet a suitable companion. Their meetings became frequent, and on the day in question the charming damsel proposed that they should take a drive in her papa's carriage.

The drive was a success until the return in

the early evening. The ardent youth had been fortifying himself with wine during his numerous stoppages at the road houses, and became very fervid in his demonstrations of affection for his companion; so much so that the attention of the coachman, who had sat sedately on his box the model of propriety, was attracted. At this critical moment the mild driver became a fury, and turning in his seat he rained blows upon the head of the unfortunate swell, at the same time yelling:

"Mary Ann, this thing has gone too far. Yeas can't desave your old father. Swell, or no swell, I'll swell his head; mash, or no mash, I'll mash his jaw, and yous, you dirty spalpeen, you'll bay for ruinin' a poor girl, who bribed her poor old father to take her on a bit of a lark."

The unfortunate youth escaped as soon as he could, and did not discover, until the case came before the Court, that his charmer was a chambermaid in a fashionable family and that her father was coachman in the same establishment. She had induced the old gentleman, who would do anything for her, to keep mum and drive her out for a little lark with her "swell mash." The complaint was withdrawn



BILLY PORTER,

THE BURGLAR IMPLICATED IN THE SHOOTING OF IRVING AND WALSH.

he walked after the woman as quickly as he could without attracting her attention. He had just reached the corner mentioned, and was about to quietly grasp the woman and disarm her, when she drew a pistol from her pocket, wheeled about, and taking good aim shot him fatally. The report of the weapon attracted a great crowd, and the woman was taken in charge. The wounded man was taken to the dispensary, where he died in a few minutes.

Jenks was a character seldom found on a police force. He was tall, and strong as a giant, and the very soul of good nature. Not one of his comrades can remember his ever losing his temper or ever abusing a prisoner either by word or deed. He

was 42 years of age and leaves a wife and four children. He was appointed to the force in 1868.

Lynchers Demand Ada Atkinson's Murderer.

Ada Atkinson, the 15-year old daughter of Cephas Atkinson, a well known and wealthy cattle dealer, residing near the village of Pine-lands, in Benton county, Ind., was found murdered in her room on Sept. 24. The details of

for the blood of the brutal assassin. The men demanded that Nelling be brought out, and were wild with excitement for fear that he would escape the gallows on the plea of insanity. The sheriff and his assistants stood firm and refused to deliver up the prisoner. A rush was then made by the mob, and a struggle ensued, during which several persons were thrown down and trampled upon.

The Sheriff and ex-Sheriff pleaded urgently with the crowd to disperse, and the best citizens of the town went in among them begging them for God's sake to desist. The mob was under no regular leadership or it would have accomplished its purpose. It dispersed with threats of hanging the murderer [at some future time].

In anticipation of a renewal of hostilities under more determined leaders, the Sheriff secretly conveyed Nelling to Lafayette on Oct. 17, by railroad, and this action aroused much indignation. The murderer was interviewed in the county jail. He denied having attempted to rape the girl, and added: "It all seems like a dream. I would as soon have thought of one of my own children. I am guilty, and that is all there is about it. I had better be put out of the way, where I won't kill any one else; but I don't want to die at the hands of a mob. I prayed that God would disperse that mob and in a minute I learned they had gone away."

The prisoner will be indicted by the Grand Jury next month, and will have a speedy trial. There was a hint at suicide in Nelling's conversation, but the Sheriff has taken every precaution and will see that the gallows is not cheated of its victim.



HE WENT TOO FAR,

AND WANTED TO GET OUT AND WALK WHEN HE DISCOVERED THAT THE LIVERIED COACHMAN WAS THE FATHER OF HIS INAMORATA.



SADIE HILL,

THE NEGRESS WHO MURDERED SERGEANT JENKS, OF THE ST. LOUIS POLICE FORCE.

by the young swell when he discovered how badly he had been sold.

A Cold-blooded Murder.

On the afternoon of Oct. 8, Police Sergeant P. M. Jenks was killed in St. Louis under peculiar circumstances. He was standing near the Carr street station, when a negress approached him and pointing to Sadie Hill, a colored virago, said: "That woman has got a pistol in her pocket and she's going over to Eighth and Biddle streets to kill some-body."

Jenks had a record for coolness and bravery, and at the word



SERGEANT P. M. JENKS,

SHOT DEAD BY A COLORED WOMAN IN ST. LOUIS, OCT. 8.

the horrible tragedy were published in the POLICE GAZETTE of Oct. 13. On Oct. 14 Jacob Nelling and a young man named Ladd were arrested as the murderers. Nelling finally "weakened," and voluntarily made this statement:

"I withdraw all the charges made by me against Ladd, and shoulder the responsibility myself."

The confession of one of the most brutal murders ever recorded aroused the indignation of the whole community to a boiling pitch. On the night of Oct. 16 a mob of 600 or 700 citizens besieged the jail where Nelling was confined, thirsty



EDWARD HOVEY,

THE MURDERER, HANGED AT THE TOMBS, NEW YORK, OCT. 19.

A Sacrifice at the Altar.

We publish this week an illustration from a sketch forwarded us by a correspondent of the wild freak of the maniac, McAllister, in the little church at Central Point, Pike county, Georgia, an account of which was published in our last number. McAllister had been crazed by his unsuccessful efforts to understand religion as explained by modern Bible expounders. He particularly objected to the teachings of the Rev. Mr. Jessup, and after frequent interruptions of the church service, he on a recent occasion mounted the pulpit and brandishing a knife made an onslaught on the preacher, screaming: "God has sent me to do this, and I came prepared to sacrifice my life on His altar, to defend His teachings."



GEO. C. KIMBALL,

OF THE DETROIT POLICE FORCE, KILLED WHILE IN DISCHARGE OF HIS DUTY.

The pastor's life was only saved by his flight, and the maniac kept at bay with his knife all who attempted to capture him, and made his escape by springing through a window.

Canine Pistol Practice.

A little King Charles spaniel came within an ace of killing his mistress in Worcester, Massachusetts, a week or so ago. The lady is the wife of Deacon J. B. Comstock. She is childless, and had grown very fond of the animal, who had the whole run and freedom of the house to its heart's content. The other day the deacon cleaned out the drawers of his writing desk and placed a small loaded revolver which he found in one of them for a few moments on the parlor table, at which his wife was sitting reading a book.



A SACRIFICE AT THE ALTAR.

A RELIGIOUS MANIAC ATTEMPTS TO CUT INTO THE DISCOURSE AND BODY OF A MINISTER, WHO HE CLAIMED DID NOT PREACH THE TRUE DOCTRINE.

The dog was scampering about the corridor and presently came into the room, jumped up on a chair and placed its paws on the table. Seeing the revolver, it first sniffed at it, then touched it with one paw. Suddenly the house was startled by a loud report, and when the deacon and the servants rushed into the room they found Mrs. Comstock lying back in her chair with a serious though not fatal wound in her arm. The dog had involuntarily pushed the trigger of the revolver and shot her.

WILLIAM MCNEELY, from McComb City, La., an engineer on Payne's plantation, was shot dead by a man named Lane, engaged by Payne as a first class mechanic. McNeely had some words with him about the amount he should receive, when Lane killed him.



CLABE YOUNG,

A FUGITIVE FROM TEXAN JUSTICE, RUN DOWN RECENTLY IN WYOMING.



DETECTIVE PINKBONE,

WHO RECOGNIZED AND CAPTURED CLABE YOUNG, THE BANDIT AND MURDERER.



HE LET HER GO.

WHAT HAPPENED TO A GIDDY YOUNG WIFE WITH A MATTER-OF-FACT HUSBAND WHEN SHE GOT READY TO ELOPE WITH A MORE CONGENIAL MAN.



CANINE PISTOL PRACTICE.

THE LITTLE KING CHARLES PET OF THE WIFE OF A WORCESTER, MASS., DEACON, WHILE PLAYING WITH A PISTOL, ACCIDENTALLY SHOTS HIS MISTRESS.

NEW YORK NAKED;

OR,

NOT SUCH A SUCKER AS HE LOOKED.

Being the Adventures of a Young Man
Who Did Not Get Left.

BY HIMSELF.

The Most Fascinating and Realistic Pan-
orama of Metropolitan Midnight
Life Ever Presented.

CHAPTER VIII.

I LEARN A TRICK WORTH KNOWING.

As soon as we got out on the street, after the lamentable accident described in the last chapter, the demisemi policeman and I exchanged glances. We neither of us spoke, albeit we both dashed around the same corner. He eyed me from head to foot as he stopped to take breath, and my own scrutiny of him was equally sharp as it was equally short in duration.

Then we parted. He, with his collar deranged, his vest open, and hatless, took one direction. I, with the stuffing of the sofa clinging to me with hideous affection, and the dust and dirt of the floor impressed in weird arabesque patterns on my pantaloons, took another.

When I reached home, and had taken a bath and purified myself (the old German was not altogether wrong in his suspicion of the insectiferous qualities of the sofa), I sat down to think over, in my stupid and irrational way, the wonderful experiences through which I had passed. I was not long in arriving at the conclusion—who, for that matter, would—that my charming little widow was a delusion and a snare; that in place of being without a friend in the world she enjoyed, if anything, rather more than an elegant sufficiency of that sort of thing: that her ambition impelled her by no means in a mere housekeeping direction; that no bachelor or widower of means would be altogether safe in placing reliance upon her, and that her bleeding heart was altogether a figment of her romantic and exuberant imagination.

So deciding for myself, as I was obliged to, in the face of the overpowering evidence to that effect, which confronted me, I felt like calling the watch together, as Dogberry does in the play, and thanking God for being so easily rid of such a villain.

I couldn't help feeling melancholy, however, over the lamentable state of morals disclosed by my adventures with the wicked widow, and next morning I sallied forth bright and early to try and distract my depressed senses with a long walk.

Singularly enough that walk led me down Seventh avenue. As I strode briskly along, in the neighborhood of Forty-seventh street, I became conscious of the fact that I was the object of a good deal of interest to the policeman on the other side of the way. He regarded me very narrowly, followed me for a block and then crossed over to me.

I, meanwhile, had been taking furtive glances at him to see what kind of an officer he might be, and discover, if I could, his motive in paying such more than flattering attention to my movements.

The more slyly I looked at him the redder grew his face and the longer his stride.

In one minute he overhauled me, as they say in boys' sea stories, and broached to alongside.

"Halloo!" he said.

"Halloo!" said I—having nothing else at hand to remark.

"What are you on now?" he inquired, very earnestly.

"On the sidewalk," said I—not knowing what other response to make.

"You ain't a piping me off for nothing," he remarked, sitting his steps to mine.

"I'm not aware that I'm piping anybody off," I replied.

"You needn't get mad," he went on, "but when a cop gives a feller such a show to go against him as I gave you yesterday afternoon, why it's only natural I should expect you was going to work it for all it is worth."

"What the deuce do you mean, my good fellow?" I asked.

"Oh! you know—the racket up at Nettie's," was the response of the policeman.

I started, and for the first time took a good long look at him. It was he—there was no mistaking him—the half drunk young ornament of the municipal force who had undertaken to have a circus with Dutchy by getting into bed and half smothering himself with sheets and blankets on the old brewer's return with the bottle of gin.

I recognized him at once.

"What makes you think," said I, "that I am piping you off?"

(To "pipe a man off," so I have been told, means that you are playing the spy on him.)

"Oh! I'm on to you," replied the policeman a trifle sullenly, "and a fat lot of good it'll do you trying to get me broke. Why don't you work the old man?"

"How and where would you work the old man?" I inquired, curious to see what he was driving at.

"Why, if you give Dutchy a stiff brace," replied the officer, thoughtfully, "he'll be good for a century. It would break him all up to be given away just now. He's working the 'highly respectable racket' for sugar, and if somebody on the dead outside was to blow on him it would lay him out cold. I wish I wasn't a cop, I'd give him a chance myself to make a straight pony up of it."

"You think he could be braced?" I asked, with a rather hazy idea of what he meant by the expression.

"Oh! come off!" sneered the gallant officer. "He's good for a century, sure, if you strike him right. Touch him on women—or fars—and he'll squeal like a son of a gun. He's the president of a down town insurance company, as well as being one of the biggest brewers in New York. Touch him right—and he's a pudding."

The worthy policeman's language was largely figurative. Happily I know quite a decent lot, for a fool, of the phrases used in common by thieves and police officers, and I saw at once what he was driving at.

"So you think," said I, cautiously, "if I touch him proper he'd give up?"

The dettiness with which I used their abominable slang really surprised myself.

"Give up?" He'd turn up every dollar he's got in the world rather than be blown on, particularly for a flat. But, say, if you touch him, young feller, I've got to stand in on the deal."

"That you shall, my honest man," said I. "Tell me where he is and how to work him, and you shall have a clean quarter of the boodle."

When I once begin to use slang I find it almost impossible to stop.

"224 Wall street—Gambrinus Fire and Water Insurance. Give it him stiff and it'll don't turn it all up. I'll chuck in my badge next time the Board meets."

I was enchanted by the frankness and candor of this unusually fine representative of the Municipal Police Department. The directness with which he spoke left no room for misunderstanding.

Not that I quite knew what he meant by "working" the old German, or "giving him a brace." I put them down in my mind as slang expressions used by the humorists of the force to express the "guying" or teasing of people.

"There's one important thing you haven't told me," I said, as I turned on my heel, "and that is the name of our German friend?"

"It's a big mouthful," replied the faithful fellow, "Heinrich Neulederer. And, by the way, I'll give you a pointer. Touch the old man first on the short card racket. Give him a 'stiff' on Ann street. Do you get on to me?"

I didn't—that is, thoroughly. But why tell him and hurt his feelings?

"I'll be on this corner in citizen's clothes at 8 o'clock this evening, unless you'd rather we made it Nettie's?" this latter with a broad grin.

"Not Nettie's, if you please," I responded, nervously. The wound I had suffered was too recent. It still smarted.

"Ta, ta!" cried the policeman, gayly, as he sauntered up the avenue. "Eight o'clock to-night, right here."

And before the roundsman came round the corner the active and intelligent young officer was out of sight.

The office of the Gambrinus Fire and Water Insurance Company is situated at 224 Wall street, exactly as the worthy policeman had told me. It is a substantial office of the most convincing German fashion of solidity. The counters look like the walls of a fortification made out of slabs of mahogany. The plate glass is an inch thick. The rugs are ankle deep. The desks might be safes, and the safe would not be amiss as a receiving vault. At the further end of the office is a private apartment, separated from the rest of the establishment by a wall of mahogany, against which bullets would patter ineffectually.

The clerks are all Germans—which is a sententious way of saying that they are all blonde, all look very much alike, all wear spectacles, all stoop, and all have that air of profound wisdom which makes even a German car conductor look like the deepest kind of social philosopher.

It was to one of these patient and submissive gentlemen in spectacles that I first addressed myself with the inquiry:

"Is Mr. Neulederer in?"

"Yah!" replied the clerk, with that acerbity which is another German characteristic. "Der Herr Bresdent ist in, ober he is engaged, unt can nobody see."

The tone of voice and the form of the reply nettled me. I am as short tempered as I am slight witted. So I determined, in my simple way, to give him what prize fighters, I am told, call a "facer."

"Tell him, please, that a gentleman from No. 9 Ann street would like to speak to him."

The clerk winced not, neither did he stare. Perhaps he knew nothing of the peculiar mysteries to which Ann street is sacred. Perhaps he knew too much to be able to afford to show any feeling.

With a shrug of his shoulders, he replied:

"Vell, I tells him—but it is no use. Ven he is engaged he no von sees for sure." Saying which, he went to the door of the private apartment, knocked, entered in response to a surly, "Kommen—sur!" and duly delivered my message.

It was not without effect. My friend, Mr. Neulederer, came out of his lair as if he had been exploded by a charge of dynamite. His face changed from ashen gray to royal purple, and from royal purple to ashen gray, like that of a more than ordinarily gifted chameleon. He trembled so that he could scarcely walk, and his look of speechless terror was almost amusing.

The German clerks did not fail to observe this unusual behavior of the old tyrant, their superior. Their pens stopped scratching, their mouths gaped wide open, and their spectacles shone like the eyes of a batch of young tigers.

With an affectation of joy and cordiality for which I cannot even now sufficiently praise myself, I slapped my hand on the counter and exclaimed:

"Copper the ace! old man! Copper the ace!"

If I had violently thrown a can of nitro-glycerine among the archives of the Gambrinus Fire and Water Insurance Company the shock would not have been greater.

The clerks dropped their pens, gasped, gazed at each other, and stood as if paralyzed.

As for the unhappy President, he suffered such a convulsion that I really felt afraid he would fall dead of apoplexy.

With a wink that looked like the last paroxysm of a dying man, he said: "You wait for me on der steps, mein dear sir, and I come right away out."

I bowed assiduously to the clerks, who followed me with their eyes as a flock of astounded sheep follow, in concerted dismay and apprehension, the movements of a stray wolf, and went out on the stoop, where I left my cigar.

In less than a minute I was joined by my worthy friend, the president of the Gambrinus Fire and Water Insurance company.

"Ach! lieber Gott!" groaned the old gentleman, wiping his clammy forehead with his pocket handkerchief. "You must be gray! Der itea of grying out in der office, mit der secretary in der next room, of your aces unt your gopperings unt all dese tings! Vy! my frendi, do you want to ruin me entirely all der vay?"

"I thought," said I, with a charming affectation of penitence, "that you would be glad to see me. One old sport, you know, always likes to be friendly with another."

"Dot's all right," replied my newly found acquaintance, with a shiver, and looking furtively over his shoulder. "Dot's all right but shh! mendeddy! Don't

nefer come mit your aces unt your gopperings about in der office! I bin delighted to see you, but for Gott's sake, my dear frendi, don't you vas mention Ann adreet mid our segredary der next room in! You vas ruin me for sure!"

"It shall never occur again," I made reply.

"Vell, mein goot frendi," continued the old German, still trembling, but rather more comfortable in general expression. "Vot I do for you?"

"Nothing," said I, maliciously, I must confess: "but Nettie!"

He grabbed the lamppost, and this time I certainly thought he was gone.

"Great Gott in Himmel! but you know Nettie also? I'm a ruin man!"

"Not at all," I replied with a friendly smile. "You're all right."

By this time we had reached a restaurant, into which my worthy German preceded me. Conducting me into a private room, he ordered a substantial lunch and a bottle of champagne.

The moment the waiter had left us, he put a handful of bills in front of me.

"Dere ist three hundred tollars," he said, dolefully, "for Ann adreet, unt dere ish two hundred tollars for Nettie! But py grashus! don't never so long as you lif come into mein office unt cry out 'aces unt gopperings' unt tings, mit der segredary in the next room!"

I suppose I ought to have rejected his money, even if I accepted his dinner, but the desire to teach him a valuable moral lesson was too strong for me, and I kept it.

The sequel shall be told next week.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE GLORY OF FRANKLIN SQUARE.

Less than 100 feet from the Heim building is the handsome new edifice lately erected by Mr. Richard K. Fox, publisher and proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE. This is built of iron and brick, and finished in really handsome style. It is, undoubtedly, the nearest looking building in the square; and its interior finish and decoration is up to that of any publishing house in this city.

The reception, editorial, reportorial and counting rooms are of the most lavish character, and do credit to all concerned. The ground floor is occupied as a press room. There the large stop-cylinder machines used in printing the GAZETTE are to be seen running every day. The second floor is given over to the "gods," whether visitors, editors or favorite employees; next is the stock room, where the usual publications of the house are stored, including novels, etc. The other stories are occupied as job rooms, composing rooms and engraving rooms. Mr. Fox is a man of untiring effort and keen business talent—losing no opportunity to make his business known. The following will serve to illustrate this fact: As soon as his new building was occupied, he engaged painters to execute neat gold and black signs for all persons in the square who would let them be put up over their shops. These signs include such as "Police Gazette meat market," "bakery," "sporting house," "cigar store," "tobacco store," "inn," "dining room," "tailor," "shoemaker," and "Police Gazette house." Of course the prefix, "Police Gazette," is attached to all these signs. But one triumph and glory yet remains to crown the glitter and dazzle of friend Fox's journalistic ambition, and that is to have these words, "Police Gazette Chinese Laundry," nailed over the door of our mutual friend, the Celestial, who occupies a basement floor on one of the corners of the square.—American Model Printer.

THE CASH GIRL.

[Subject of Illustration.]

"Cash girls wanted" is a common sign in the windows of our monster dry goods stores. What they are wanted for our picture shows. Why they are wanted with such unvarying frequency is simply that their life and work cannot but wear them out very fast. Go into any of our big stores and you will note the same feverish, restless, excited glance of these prematurely old looking, delicate children, telling plainly the severe effects such grinding systems must have upon them. Many of these children belong to the families of poorly paid mechanics, to whom their meagre salary is a valuable addition, small as it is. From 8 A. M. until 6 o'clock P. M. this incessant strain upon the body is kept up. The constant tax upon their minds and bodies saps their vital forces and must result in nervous exhaustion. It tends to stunt their growth, cripple their energies, and contribute to semi-or poverty of blood. A reasonable amount of exercise in such vocations would not be detrimental, but many of these young ones are not too well nourished: this overtaxing of the body produces permanent depression and prostration, to say nothing of the serious loss entailed upon them by depriving them of educational facilities and proper physical nervation. It would be a mental impossibility to expect children trained under such a system to pursue their studies after such a task as they have to perform. The result is simply the burdening of the community with a comparatively useless population, made so in the interests of sordid gain.

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

There was considerable excitement caused on South Third street, below Fourth street, Brooklyn, at 12 o'clock a few nights ago, by the cry of "Burglars! burglars!" made by a lady at a third story window. Several persons opened their front windows to see what the matter was. "There they are, across the street at the boarding house," exclaimed the lady who first gave the alarm. At that moment two young men were in the act of receiving a trunk that was being lowered from the hall bedroom window on the third floor front of the handsome three story and basement boarding house, No. 113 South Third street. "Hurry up, Ned, or we'll get arrested," said the two young men to their companion at the window.

A few moments later the man came sliding down the front of the house along a rope, one end of which had been fastened at the window. Then three men hurried away with the trunk. The lady who keeps the boarding house went to the door in time to see the men turn round the corner of Fourth street. When told that she had been robbed she made an investigation and found that the supposed burglar was simply a boarder, named Edward Jackson, who was in arrears, and who was making his escape with his trunk. The rope was yet dangling in front of the house, and it was all that the boarder had left in liquidation of his bill in his flight.

THE RELIGIOUS EDITOR.

He Makes Numerous and Edifying Pious Pencillings from the Great American Press.

A DROVE of swine in Tennessee have been killed by lightning. They belonged to an atheist, of course.

BISHOP RILEY, of Mexico, is under examination for financial discrepancies. This is not the Riley they speak of: so highly in Pat Rooney's ballad.

THE negro congregation of Winston, S. C., can't be fooled when they want to enjoy themselves. They have mortgaged their church to pay for a picnic.

GEORGE SORTER has been arrested for preaching in the middle of a Trenton, N. J., street. He is said to be the worst sorter nuisance in his line known to the local police.

THE Rev. C. A. Stockwell, of Janesville, Wis., has skipped his duty to his flock in order to go to Dakota and stake a mining claim. When he gets back his flock are going to skip on to him and do it lively too.

THE wife of Rev. Mr. Vetter, of Oberlin, Ohio, 65 years old, committed suicide by holding her face in ten inches of water. She would have used more water if she hadn't been afraid it would make her better still.

THE Rev. S. Reynolds, of Oconto Co., Wis., and the Rev. Frink, of Burnett Co., want each other's blood. It seems that each has been borrowing money of the other and neither will either settle up or call it a stand off.

THE Rev. John C. Nobles, of Atlantic Highlands Camp Meeting Association, has been arrested at Long Branch on a charge of embezzlement preferred by Dr. Parrish, one of the purchasers of the Spiers' estate at that place. Nobles says he is above such conduct. If he isn't he ought to change his name.

A NEW BEDFORD lawyer promises to close every illegal grocery in that city in six months, and begins by causing the arrest of an active church member for renting a building to an unlicensed dealer. That lawyer could find good work to do in New York in the same line.

THE Rev. Moench, of Beaver county, Pa., who got on a jamboree here and tried to work a bogus check off on his landlord, has not been heard of by his congregation since. They state that they do not yearn to hear of him, either. Neither does his wife, who has gone home to her ma, in Ohio.

THE Rev. John R. Fisher, of the Third Presbyterian church, Jersey City, is going to resign. He says that even if the church mortgage is going to be foreclosed his parishioners can't ring in any decrease of salary on him. He sells gospel for cash and he don't propose to have the market spoiled.

A WICKED young man in Georgia refused a Bible at a revival and scornfully went home to his farm. There he was struck by lightning twice in five minutes. It came from Jersey and struck him in the right place. He would have been struck several times more if the bottle had not gone empty.

DR. KENNION, the evangelist, speaks every Sunday in Battery Park and at Roosevelt street ferry. He adds bread and coffee to his spiritual ministrations, and in order, as he says, to bring his hearers as near as possible to godliness, he now dispenses soap among them. The public are now commencing to wonder who is putting up the soap for Dr. Kennion to distribute.

A PARTY of young loafers entered a Methodist church at Waseca, Wis., and began a night's carouse with whiskey and cards. As there was no police force that could be called in, the pastor wrapped himself in a sheet, emerged from behind the pulpit, and spoke in such a ghostly fashion that the intruders fled in dismay. That pastor believes in spirits as sincerely as he does in marriage fees, now.

AN animated discussion took place at the Wyoming Methodist convention, at Wilkesbarre, Pa., over the desecration of the Sabbath. The Rev. Dr. Smith was opposed to even buying milk on Sunday. The Rev. Mr. Woodruff, however, begged to differ with Dr. Smith. He thought it necessary to get it, and to pay for it on Monday. Dr. Woodruff's proposition was received with applause, and was amended to read: "To pay for it on Sunday, if you couldn't help it."

THE religious war goes on in Lakeville, Conn. A bitter fight was made at the polls recently between the Catholics and Protestants, each side boycotting candidates of the opposite faith. At a town meeting it was the intention of the Protestants to introduce resolutions calling upon the town officers to remove Father Lynch's crucifix from the roadside as a nuisance, but the Catholics outnumbered their opponents two to one, and the resolutions were not offered.

SIX months or more ago a stranger appeared in one of the stores of Concord, N. H., purchased all the mutilated coin he could get and departed. He returned at intervals, seeking further instalments, and finally explained: "I am a clergyman of the next town, and one of my deacons has been in the habit of putting all his punched coin in the contribution box. But I got even with him by collecting punched coin and paying him wholly in that kind of currency for a supply of firewood. He is cured now and puts no more punched coin in the box."

DENVER has just got rid of a dangerous crank, W. H. Sutliff by name. His freaks of fanaticism have extended back for several months, and for a while he was a perpetual bore about the daily papers of the city, and would have continued till this date had he not been summarily sat down upon. His arrest was brought about by a series of persistent persecutions he had wrought upon several estimable people in the city by lingering in the vicinity of their homes, peering into windows, approaching as noiselessly as a cat, and appearing at the most unexpected moments. In some localities where he frequented doors were kept locked and shutters closed, that timid women and children might be safe from his demoniacal gaze. The least dangerous of his crazy ideas was his letter writing. He would single out a woman or child that struck his fancy, and following them until their number was found would commence writing long dissertations on religious subjects, and advance the wildest theories concerning sins and sinners, and what was necessary to lead the party addressed to salvation. He claims to be a messenger of God, but the general impression seems to be that he is an emissary of the devil. A reporter interviewed Sutliff at the jail, and he related instances of his experiences in the Holy Land, which were of the most exaggerated description, and evidently as devoid of facts as a toad is of feathers.

THE SOCIETY EDITOR.

How He Got a Swell Lunch and Met Many Swell People.

A Sampson in the Pleasant Toils of Conviviality, Friendship and Good Cheer.

The rain, which steadily poured down all day, and for that matter all night on Saturday, the 13th of October, would have literally and effectually dampened a less ardent lot of good fellows than those who assembled in the Astor House to help commemorate one of the pleasantest incidents, by his own glad admission, that ever occurred to that veteran detective, Captain Tom Sampson, of the sub-Treasury. These friends of Captain Tom and of Mr. Richard K. Fox, who were fortunate enough to be favored with a bidding to be present and assist at the delightful ceremony, received a neat card, which read as follows:

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE
NEW YORK, October 3, 1893.

DEAR SIR—The pleasure of your company at Luncheon on the occasion of the Presentation of a Medal to Captain Tom Sampson, on Saturday, the 13th inst., at 5 o'clock P. M., at the Astor House (in the Breakfast Room), will be esteemed a favor.

Please signify your intention to be present or otherwise, by return mail, and oblige,

Yours truly,

RICHARD K. FOX.

In response to this cordial invitation about eighty representative gentlemen buttoned up their top coats, put on their rubbers, unfurled their umbrellas, and sallied out into the misery of the wettest and most depressingly foggy afternoon that ever distributed the germs of pneumonia.

A private room had been reserved in the Astor House for the exhibition of the medal previous to the act of presenting it to Captain Sampson. Then Mr. Fox, with characteristic urbanity and good humor, received his guests as they arrived, and there also the telescopic figure of Manager George Lansing, of the Astor House, drawn out to its fullest extent, presided over the glittering pledge of Mr. Fox's regard and esteem.

The stout, good tempered looking man who stood wisely gazing at the trophy for ten minutes at a time, then tried it in the lapel of his own vest and afterwards retired to the entrance of the hotel, where with a frown on his face, he went through an involuntary pantomime expressive of giving an imaginary somebody the "collar" and handcuffing him, was recognized as McWilliams, the regular detective of the Astor House. A small man with a dark mustache and three diamonds, which glittered each like an electric lamp, after watching McWilliams for a minute, remarked, under his breath:

"I suppose we'll have to give him a gold badge, now."

It was Mr. Allen, one of the proprietors of the Caravan.

For half an hour the magnificent memento, which Mr. Fox had contrived for his old friend, reposed in a large alligator skin casket fashioned after the pattern of a Saratoga trunk. A large silver label was attached to the key, and, nestling in its bed of satin quilted with elder down was the jewel which is destined for many a year to come, to be an heirloom in the Sampson family.

The badge, by the way, consists of two sections, so to speak, the pendant being as large as the badge itself, most of its space being given up to an engraving of the sub-Treasury building. It fairly blazes with diamonds, which illuminate the coat of arms of the Treasury Department. But its most interesting feature to Capt. Sampson being the inscription setting forth the esteem and regard of Richard K. Fox.

While the guests arrived, the waiters in the breakfast room, a magnificent apartment by the way, were not idle. Under the rule of their chief they gave the air of a Lord Mayor's banquet hall to the gorgeous and appetizing scene. The main table ran the whole length of the room, and at each end was another set at right angles, the most conspicuous ornaments on which were pyramids of lobsters, whose ruddy shells, draped with crisp wreaths of parsley, looked like piles of coral decked with green seaweeds.

Up and down the long table were islands of salad mayonnaise, with plump slices of purple beetroot, sea-green olives and twinkling capers. Silver spurnes groaning under their loads of tropic fruit, and between every two plates, like doxy sentinels on duty, three bottles, one gold capped and bursting to yield the generous soul it brought across the sea from the vineyards of Champagne; another, slender and sedate, full of the red blood of the grapes of Bordeaux, and the third a broad shouldered American fellow, with a sturdy bearing and the best of spirits, seeing that he was full to his cork with Monogram whiskey, which tastes sweetly of the eye of Maryland.

Truly there was no stint of provision for the thirsty.

By half-past five the goodly company had assembled in the antechamber. One of the jolliest of the jovial crew was a keen-eyed man with a heavy gray mustache, tremulous eyeglasses and a deliberate unctuous voice, perpetually exercised in cracking jokes. A good many years ago those features were in every comic cartoon published in this country, and were easily identified as those of the genial and witty gentleman who used to be mayor of this city under the name of A. Oakley Hall. The Bill Poster of the *Week's Doing*, a big, burly fellow, with a close cropped head of bristling hair and a savage mustache, was whispering his non-professional scandals in the ear of the "Referee," a quiet, slender young graduate of Yale, who was brought up for the ministry, and whose capacity for scriptural quotation and hot Irish whiskey makes him envied by all his colleagues. The tallest man in the room, next to the telescopic manager, Lansing, was a kindly man, with a yellow beard heavily grizzled, and the complexion of a boy. He

preserved a grave and dignified demeanor and did not unbend into a smile until somebody mentioned the fact, disclosed through a crack in the door, that there was a whole bottle of something to drink for each member of the party. As he stealthily rubbed his hands he was instantly detected as Superintendent Walling.

A short, handsome elderly man, with a beautiful gray beard and eyes like Toledo steel was the life of a rival coterie to that which laughed at the jests of Oakley Hall. Although not in full uniform on this occasion it was not hard to recognize him as the gallant ex-colonel of the Fifth, Charley Spencer, who, six years ago, used to ride at the head of his helmet wearing Germans, the first corps to wear the picket *haube* on this continent. The Religious Editor was there too—a stout young man who lives like a fighting cock in spite of his devotion to the church—and who was conferring on spiritual topics with that delightful gentleman, and he it said with the utmost respect, that thorough good fellow, Father Barry, of Staten Island, who came to lead his presence to the triumph of his old friend, Tom Sampson—albeit each of them belonged to a separate creed.

There were other prominent and interesting people there—lots of them; newspaper men who knew the guest of the evening in his professional capacity, and who liked him just as heartily as if they had been friends of his family for years: captains of police, sturdy fellows with high standing collars, keen eyes and a professional trick of "sizing up" each new comer as he entered; lawyers with their briefs for gotten and equally contemplating a good time; a bank president or two, wondering whether it wouldn't be a good thing to make a habit of enjoying a regular weekly holiday in Bohemian society; a sharp faced nervous chap, with the baldest head on record, who was as well known as if he had been labelled: "Billy Henry, N. Y. Herald," a tall, stooping man, with kind eyes, a gentle smile, and a face full of character and resolution, whom it was unnecessary to introduce to two-thirds of the company as George Bartholomew, the man who made the *Daily News* the immensely valuable piece of property it is to-day.

Then there was another young man with Hyperion curls on his forehead, who lent the presence of a chaste beauty to the scene, and who can be seen in all his native elegance, every secular day of the week, by anybody who will take the trouble to visit the District Attorney's office and ask for a view of William Penney, Esq., private secretary of that functionary and bond clerk in the office of the same. There was also a good humored gentleman who looked as if it would go against his conscience to squash a fly, but who was openly charged by those who knew him, with carrying small packages of dynamite in his vest pocket for the destruction of subjects of Queen Victoria, toward whom, as John J. Breslin, the Irish patriot, he is said to cherish the most dreadful sentiments.

In the middle of the buzz and chatter, the head waiter, his chest proudly jutting out like the crow of a turkey cock, announced with great solemnity that luncheon was ready, upon which Superintendent Walling stroked his beard and remarked under his breath: "One bottle to each man, eh?" and actually smiled.

It was a cheerful sight, in spite of the falling rain that pattered against the windows—the long table, gorgeous with things good, to look at as well as eat and drink, and the white vested waiters standing in a row ready to attack the parapets and bastions of luxury which awaited assault of knife and fork.

Ex-Mayor Hall took the chair in the absence of ex-Mayor Grace, and though the latter was asked in person the quality of his name was more than represented in the department in his witty substitute. On his right sat a broad shouldered man with the ruddy face of a Norseman. His eyes deep set and twinkling with humor had the keen restless searching look which characterizes the vision of sailors and detective policemen; a short gray mustache overshadowed a mouth as merry and as full of vivacious expression as a boy's. His short sturdy frame bespoke animal strength and muscular development, and the grip of his hand, when he clutched that of each of the strangers presented to him, had the clutch of a carpenter's vice.

"That," said one of the reporters to the *Idiot of the Evening*, when he asked who this might be, "is Captain Tom Sampson, the best known detective officer in America, who has not only gained fame as a captor of thieves, but what is far more admirable, as the savior of half a dozen human lives at the risk of his own."

On the left hand of Mr. Hall sat Mr. Fox, and grouped round them were Superintendent Walling, Father Barry, and Mr. George Bartholomew.

It was astonishing to watch the disappearance of that lunch. To be sure the attacking party was a very robust and formidable one, being led by no less doughty a warrior than the Superintendent of Police, aided and abetted by several officers of the National Guard and a corps of stalwart newspaper men. Chickens reduced to salad seemed to once more take to themselves wings and fly into infinite space. Hams and tongues vanished like the baseless fabric of a dream. A splendid salmon in *Mayonnaise*, at the end of each table, was soon reduced to a mere skeleton thinly streaked with the golden sauce which had recently embalmed him.

As for the bottles, they perished ignominiously. The stern eye and the relentless grip of the superintendent proved too much for a bottle of champagne, which was taken prisoner at the first onset. As the vanquished, refection fell, bit by bit, a prey to the general assault, the popping of corks sounded like the volleys of a hot engagement.

At length there came satiety and a readiness to give the sense of hearing a share of the general treat. Then it was that ex-Mayor Hall, spouting puns like a jocular fountain, delivered himself of a delightful speech, and handed to Capt. Sampson the magnificent token of Mr. Fox's friendship and regard, which had glittered on the table during the banquet, winking its diamond eyes at all beholders.

The gallant old officer rose full of pluck, but horribly nervous, to grapple with the most tremendous crisis of his life. His earnestness and the simplicity of his phrases went right to his hearers' hearts, and when he confessed that Mr. Fox had made his fortune by not taking his advice, there went up such a shout of laughter and delight that a timid waiter poured half a bottle of wine down the neck of the *Tribune* reporter.

Then Mr. Hall read a lot of letters from such people as the Secretary of the Treasury, Judge Donohue, Tom Acton, Secretary of State, Carr, Judge Fullerton, and other well known gentlemen, sending the heartiest and most affectionate greetings to the good gray old watchdog of the sub-treasury. Kindly and genial as

the letters were, the comments of the chairman gave them additional zest.

Then there were loud calls for Col. Spencer, whose allusion to the reviving fortunes and popularity of the ex-Mayor, "a chloroformed passenger on a pirate ship," went with a yell and three lusty cheers for Oakley Hall. The next speaker, Father Barry, bore graceful tribute to the neighborliness and manhood of Capt. Tom when he used to be a Staten Islander, and then the Superintendent, a glow of honest affection on his hale and ruddy cheeks, described how, at the peril of his own life, Capt. Tom had stood between him and sudden death the fateful morning he served a warrant on Fernando Wood in the City Hall.

Then came songs by Capt. Kepp, Messrs. Penney and Stiles, until the boom of the lengthening hours cried halt, and with regret and infinite good feeling the happy party dispersed after three ringing cheers for Richard K. Fox and the *POLICE GAZETTE*.

WEARY WITHOUT EMMA.

A Heartsick Youth with a Chequered Life Shuffles Off Himself with Morphine.

A semi-romantic tale is told of a young man named David H. Risbey, who lived with his mother at 254 East 112th street, New York. He bid his mother goodby on the evening of October 4 to buy a milk route of a Harlem milk dealer, taking with him \$700 for that purpose. He did not call on the man and for several days his whereabouts could not be learned. He went to Johnson's hotel, Fifth avenue and Ninetieth street, on October 10, and on the following night he retired at an early hour and asked the proprietor not to disturb his sleep in the morning. As Risbey did not appear Johnson became alarmed, and about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, after trying the door, he got into the room by the window over the piazza. The first thing which caught his eye was the young man's shirt, which lay on the table. The bosom was written over with lead pencil. On the left side of the shirt bosom were these words:

"No inquest. Morphine did it."

DAVID H. RISBEY, 254 East 112th street. Alongside of the shirt was an empty vial, labelled "Sulphate of morphine, 1/2 ounce avoirdupois. Powers & Weightman, Philadelphia."

Johnson shook Risbey by the shoulder. He gasped, but did not speak. He was taken to the Presbyterian hospital, and died there twenty minutes after his arrival.

The other writing on the shirt front was:

"EMMA—Do you believe me, now that the end has come?"

DAVE.

This was over the spot which covered his heart. Beneath it was:

"This is the end of a weary life without her."

And further down:

"Let Miss Em's lawyer know, 875 Sixth avenue."

On the right side of the shirt bosom was this:

"MOTHER:

"Keep the past secret; it not for my sake, for Em's."

Nothing but a buttonhook was in his pockets. What became of his \$700 does not appear. Risbey was 29 years old. His father, who died five years ago, was in good circumstances, and for many years was employed in the United States assay office in this city. Risbey had tried to kill himself twice before. In December, 1878, he fell in love with Miss Jessie Hunt, who gave music lessons to his sister. He asked her to marry him, but she refused. He finally met her in his mother's parlor alone. He took a razor from his pocket and threatened to kill her unless she promised to marry him. He forced her to accompany him to the house of the Rev. Samuel H. Virgin, at 220 East 124th street, where they were married. The marriage was annulled, and he was sent to the Elmira Reformatory. He was released on parole on October, 1890. In May, 1891, the Reformatory officials wanted him for some misconduct, and a policeman went to his house to arrest him. In the Harlem station, where he was taken, he fired a pistol at a policeman and then shot himself in the left breast. He recovered in two months. His other attempt at suicide was made in the house of a cousin, where he drank laudanum.

Since then his mother says that he behaved himself, having given up the habits of dissipation which are said to have unsettled his mind. Lately he had been attentive to Miss Emma Lawyer, who is the vice-principal of a public school, and lives at 875 Sixth avenue. He wanted her to marry him, but it is said she refused him. Risbey had occasional employment in the Pension Bureau of this city.

TOWN AND GOWN.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Town and Gown met again in a game of fist-cuffs at Princeton, N. J., on the evening of Oct. 16. As usual it was not a very serious affair. There was a little healthy hammering on both sides, which helped the young contestants to develop their pluck and muscle for use in other fields, where these requisites may be of more importance. Such little bouts are not set down in the curriculum of our staid collegiate institutions, but they serve the purpose of making the student a man, and the learned professors, most of whom have been there themselves, can well afford to wink at such little escapades.

The disturbance alluded to was caused by a number of the undergraduates of Princeton College indulging in a little fun by their boisterous applause of a traveling medicine man, who was vending his wares from a wagon in front of the Nassau hotel. The doctor's turn-out was an imposing affair. Four gayly caparisoned horses were attached to the wagon, and the back of one of the seats was thrown up, revealing an organ at which a young woman seated herself. Then five men stood up in the wagon and sang "Sweet Violets," and the college boys say they sang it badly. A crowd chiefly composed of town boys gathered around the wagon and loudly applauded the music, but the applause of the college men was so noisy that it was considered tropical. At intervals in the concert the manager discoursed on the merits of his liniment, but the college men took up the refrain of his remarks and drowned him out by repeating slowly and in perfect unison, "Only a dollar a bottle," scanning the line with emphasis and exactness. They applauded the singing at last so noisily that the manager was unable to interject his remarks. The town boys then took up the fakir cause and attempted to drive the college boys away. This led to a lively little skirmish that will become one of the legends of Princeton.

DIED AT HIS POST.

The Murder of Patrolman Kimball, of Detroit, While in Discharge of his Duty.

[With Illustration and Portrait.]

Patrolman George C. Kimball, one of the most faithful members of the police department of Detroit, Mich., was foully murdered while patrolling his beat at 1215 o'clock in the morning on Oct. 6. The crime was a most atrocious one, and undoubtedly committed by members of the gang of thieves and burglars who are at present doing their work in Detroit. The officer was simply shot down in cold blood while discharging his duties as a guardian of the city. The crime is wrapped in mystery, but his fellow officers are confident of arresting and bringing to justice the guilty parties.

About 12 o'clock Patrolman Tuttle saw three men come out of Billy O'Keefe's saloon, No. 71 Larned street east, and according to the instructions he received from his superior officers, he watched them. The trio turned down toward Jefferson avenue and Randolph street, where the officer recognized one of the men as "Billy" Leonard. He called Patrolman Needham, who was on the avenue, to assist him, and stepping up behind the men, Tuttle arrested Leonard. The other two started to run and fired a shot. Officer Needham followed them while Tuttle was taking Leonard to the station and was reinforced by Patrolman Kimball. Leonard was left at the station, Officer Tuttle remarking to Sgt. Martin: "Hold this man; there are two others I want to get."

Patrolman Needham having lost sight of his man met Roundsman Noble at the corner of Jefferson avenue and Brush street, and heard a shot fired in the direction of Beaubien. Hurrying toward it they found Kimball prostrate on the south crosswalk of Beaubien street and Jefferson avenue, feebly pounding with his baton on the stones, his revolver lying near. Kimball was lying in a pool of blood and fast sinking. As Noble and Needham approached, he said: "I'm done for!" which were the last intelligible words he uttered. He was removed to where he died.

Roundsman Sullivan with Patrolmen Wolf, Tuttle and Hayes, ran to Billy O'Keefe's saloon immediately after the facts of the shooting became known and arrested the inmates of the place.

Several other arrests were made, but without satisfactory results, as all the prisoners professed ignorance of the murder. Kimball was born in New York in 1858, and was appointed on the Detroit police force on February 29, 1876.

HE LET HER GO.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A romantic elopement was recently spoiled at Beverly, N. J. A giddy young wife who was mated to a sober, middle-aged man, pined for more congenial company. She was left much alone, her husband being in business in Philadelphia and only returning to his Jersey home in the evening. She found her affinity in a young clerk in a drug store where she purchased peppermint drops and caramels. She had every opportunity to feed the flame of her unlawful love, and it finally became so intense that an elopement was decided upon. This could easily have been accomplished by the unfaithful wife quietly packing her gripsack and walking out the front door, but much reading of sensational novels had turned her brain and she determined that the affair should be managed in a romantic manner. She caused her lover to procure a rope ladder and on a moonlight night she was to descend from an upper window and meet her adorer, who was to spirit her away. Everything worked lovely until the eventful evening. Just as the ladder of love was properly arranged and the foolish woman was about making the descent, her husband, who had been dosing on a lounge, heard a noise, and seeing his wife on the ladder, took in the situation at a glance, and loosening the fastening of the escape, let her and the rope ladder drop into her lover's arms. Moreover, he let her stay there, and has commenced action for a divorce.

A YOUNG HEROINE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

At a recent fire in Logansport, Ind., Miss Bell Conway, the daughter of a lively stable keeper, distinguished herself by boldly entering her father's burning stable and rescuing three favorite horses. She was called from her bed by the alarm of fire, repaired to the scene of conflagration, and discovered that the burning building was her father's stable. The inflammable nature of the structure precluded any possibility of saving it, and the firemen devoted their energies to saving the surrounding property. The neighing and crying of the affrighted horses could be plainly heard by the crowd of spectators who had gathered, but none were bold enough to enter the stable to attempt the rescue of the poor creatures. Miss Conway appealed to the firemen to save the poor beasts. Finding that her entreaties were in vain, she gallantly dashed through the flames and succeeded in bringing out safely three of the most valuable horses.

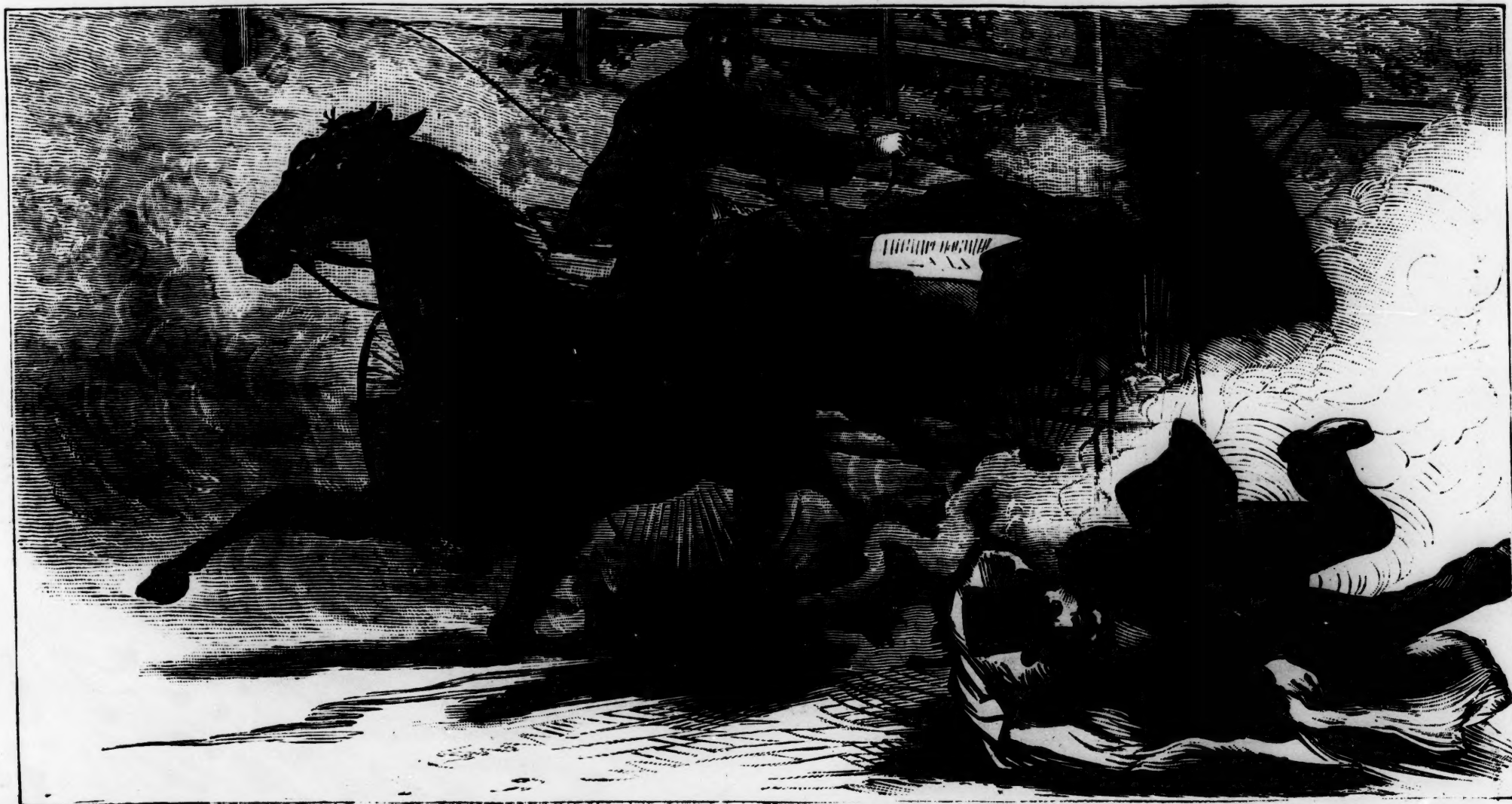
FASHION'S NEW GOD.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Cupid is dethroned and Hercules is the idol of the female heart. Since Mr. Fox's revival of the ancient glories of the athletes, the fair damsels have begun to study the classic proportions of the heroes of the fistic arena, and compare them with the attenuated forms of the dudes and slims that they meet in society. Even in cultured Boston, the belles of society no longer adorn their boudoirs with portraits of poets and historians, but fill them with counterfeit presentments of the manly forms of Mitchell, Slade, Mace and Boston's favorite son, John L. Sullivan.

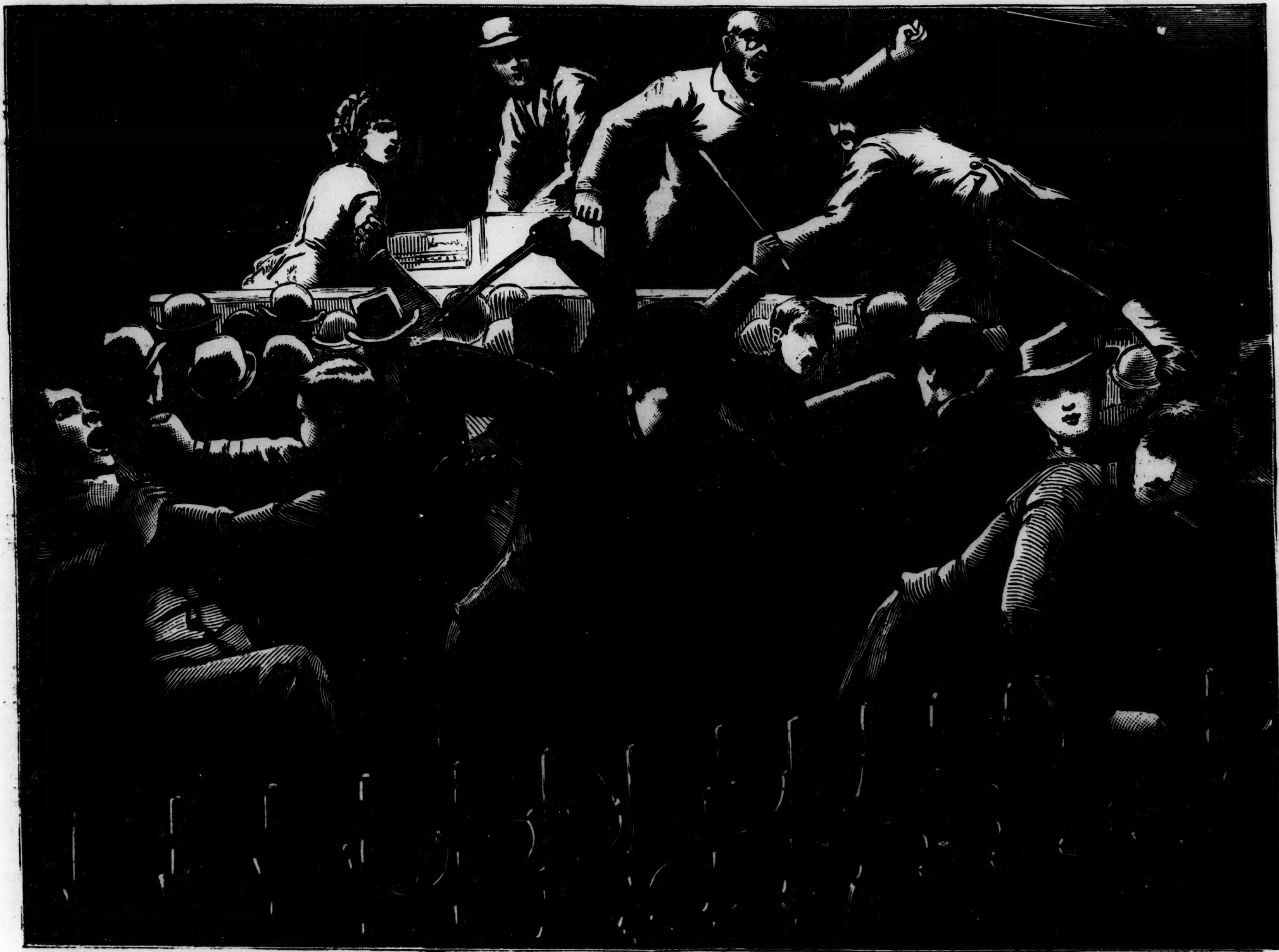
LEAD-SAUCE FOR A DIVORCED WIFE.

A year ago the wife of H. A. Herrick, a well-to-do ranchman, of Grand Junction, Cal., left him. Herrick afterward obtained a divorce and married Margaret Thompson. Mrs. Herrick No. 1 returned a short time ago, and meeting Herrick and his wife shot and instantly killed the woman. The murderess was admitted to bail, and commenced proceedings to recover some of Herrick's property. On October 12, while the sheriff and Mrs. Herrick were at the ranch looking up cattle, Herrick shot and killed Mrs. Herrick, and then gave himself up to the sheriff. The excitement over the affair was intense.



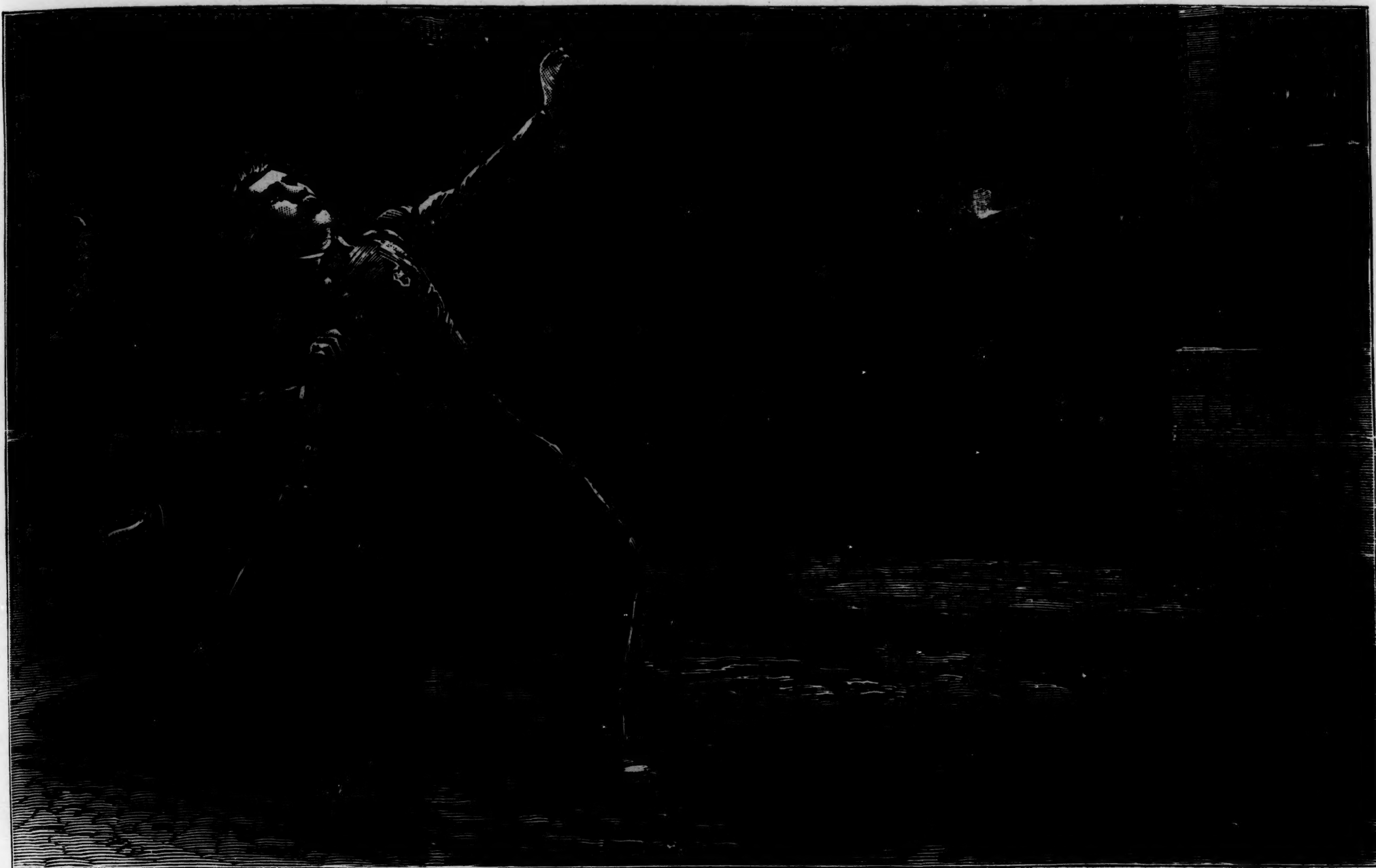
A TIP FOR A MILLIONNAIRE.

THE COLLISION AT THE GENTLEMAN'S DRIVING PARK, ON OCTOBER 17, THAT LEVELLED MR. WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT TO THE DUST.



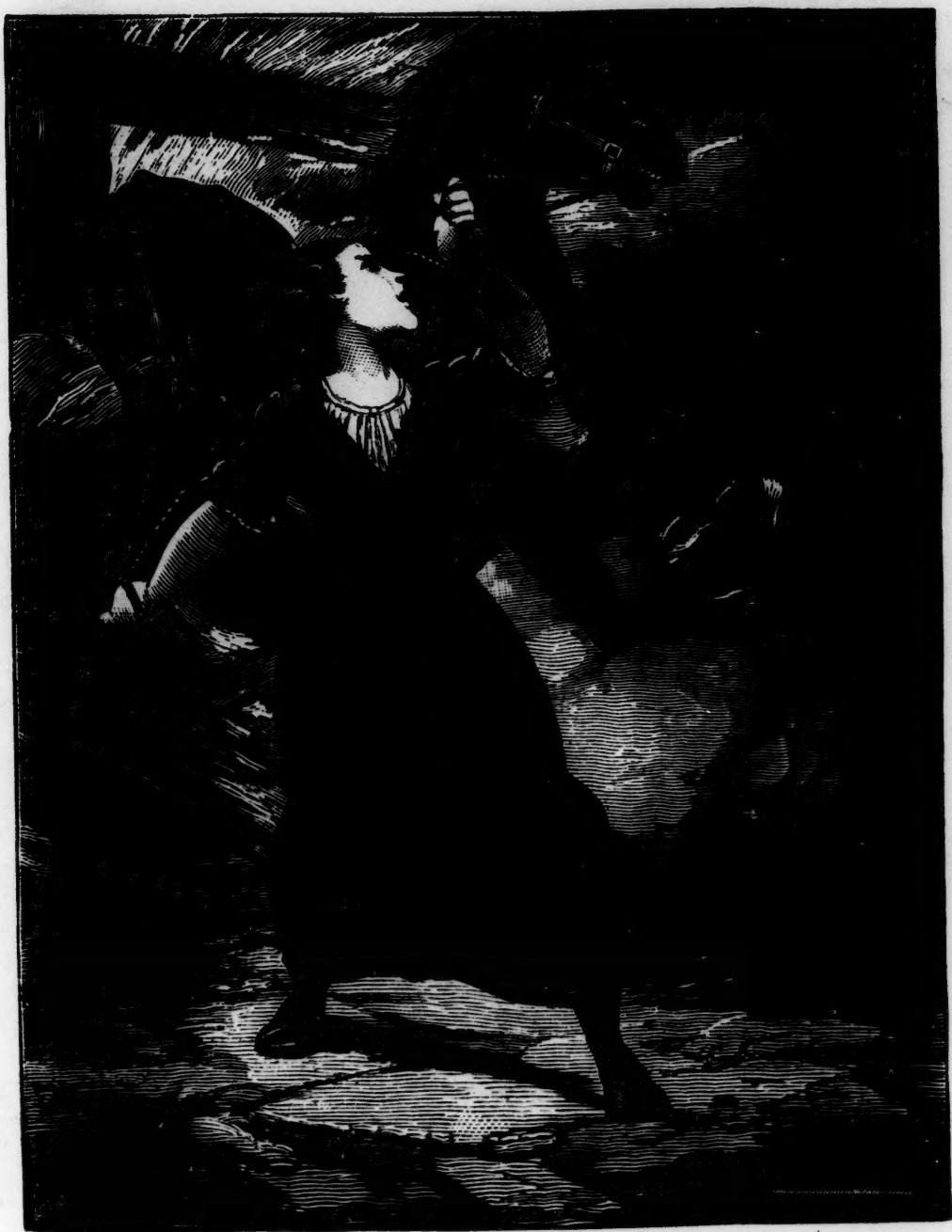
TOWN AND GOWN.

A TERRIBLE RIOT BETWEEN THE STUDENTS OF PRINCETON COLLEGE AND THE BOYS OF THE TOWN, BROUGHT ABOUT BY THE STREET EXHIBITION OF A VENDER OF PATENT MEDICINE.



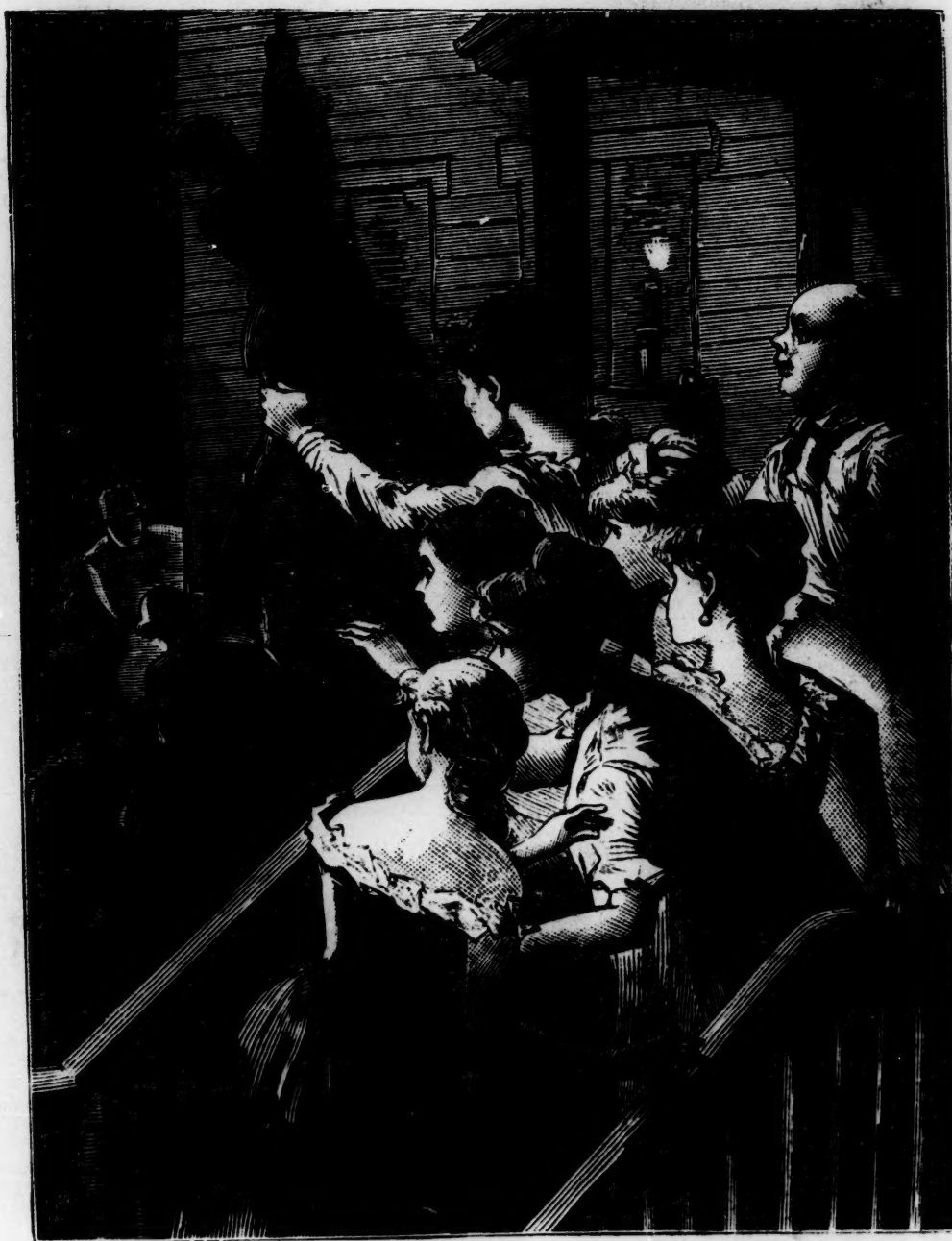
KILLED WHILE DISCHARGING HIS DUTY.

THE MURDER OF PATROLMAN GEORGE C. KIMBALL, OF THE DETROIT, MICH., POLICE FORCE, WHILE ATTEMPTING TO ARREST TWO RUFFIANS.



A DARING YOUNG HEROINE.

THE DAUGHTER OF A LIVERY STABLE KEEPER, AT LOGANSPORT, IND., PUTS THE FIREMEN TO THE BLUSH BY RESCUING HER FATHER'S HORSES FROM A BURNING STABLE.



A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

THE PECULIAR MODE ADOPTED BY AN IMPECUNIOUS LODGER IN A BROOKLYN BOARDING HOUSE, TO SKIP HIS BOARD BILL, CAUSES AN ALARM OF BURGLARY TO BE RAISED.

THE PRIZE RING.

Lively Times Among the Professors of the Fistic Art.

Mills between McManus and Stoddard, McLeod and Nigger Jim, and Barnes and King.

Pugilists and their disciples still keep busy, and daily from Maine to Oregon we hear of matches being arranged and decided and the usual number of challenges being issued. Since our last issue Capt. James C. Daly and Joe Pendergast, the pugilists who fought with soft gloves at Silver Lake, Staten Island, were arrested by order of Justice McCullough, of Stapleton, S. I., and required to give \$500 bail each for their appearance.

Charley Johnson, of Fulton street, Brooklyn, was arrested on Oct. 14 at his residence by Sergeant Young, of the Richmond county police, and had to give \$500 bail. On Oct. 16 Wm. E. Harding, the sporting editor of the POLICE GAZETTE, was also arrested and had to furnish bonds. It is hard to say what will be done with the case. One thing is certain—the pugilists boxed with soft gloves, which the authorities have failed to secure. These gloves would be the only evidence on which to make out a case, and then it is doubtful, as it was not a prize fight but merely a display of science.

About six hundred persons assembled at Shakespeare Hall, Syracuse, N. Y., on Oct. 12, to witness the long talked of glove fight between Owen McManus and Hjal H. Stoddard. The match was for a purse of \$100 a side, to be fought under the Marquis of Queensberry rules.

After considerable delay the master of ceremonies, Mr. Joseph Caffray, introduced McManus and Stoddard, who took seats on the stage amid the applause of the audience.

Ed Austin was chosen second for Stoddard, and George Myers for McManus. John Maher was named referee, and Owen Donovan timekeeper. Time was called and the men came together. Stoddard led off with a right hander, which McManus stopped very neatly. Stoddard then let out on McManus in a terrific manner, driving him to the rear of stage, where Stoddard rained blow after blow on McManus' head until ordered to stop by the referee. Time was then called and the men took their seats. After a moment's rest the men came together again, when Stoddard again led the fighting, but was stopped by McManus who then let out, giving Stoddard one or two heavy blows. Stoddard returned the fighting and gave him a terrific pounding, which ended in felling McManus to the floor. While McManus was down Stoddard struck at him, but it is claimed did not hit him. McManus' friends, however, claimed a foul, which the referee failed to decide.

At this juncture some of Stoddard's friends made some remarks to which McManus' friends took offence. A war of words was then held by the friends of both men, and resulted in a free fight. There was a pandemonium of cries, catcalls, shouts and oaths from the audience, which the police could not quell. On the stage pugilists, backers, referees, police and outsiders, were mixed in an inextricable mass of fighting men. Captain Quigley of the night watch, with a squad of police, did all in his power to quell the fight. A chair hurled from the audience hit the captain on the shoulder but did not severely injure him. The mob for an hour after the fight continued shouting, but it was soon over and no arrests were made.

The glove contest for the POLICE GAZETTE medal and the championship of Arizona was decided at Tombstone, Arizona, on October 6. The principals were Nell McLeod and Jim Young, Nigger Jim. The pugilists fought according to "Police Gazette" rules to the finish. McLeod appeared within the fistic arena seconded by George Hopkins and John Mugan, while J. J. McDaniel and Wm. Johnson did like duty for Young. Patsy Triggs being timer for the latter and John Rundel held the watch for Mac. Postmaster Brooks was chosen as referee, and called the men to the ring about 9 o'clock. McLeod strips to 165 pounds fighting weight, while Young is some ten pounds heavier, and both showed the result of careful training as they faced each other in the ring.

ROUND 1—The contrast between the two men, as they began reaching cautiously for each other, was very marked, Jim being nervous and excited, while his antagonist was as cool and steady as any veteran of the ring. Young made the first offensive movement, and immediately showed his lack of skill by over-handed slugging, that left him entirely at the mercy of the wiry Cornishman who had been disposed to take advantage of the opening, but he satisfied himself with getting in one or two good blows. They finally got to a hug, which was anything but affectionate, when time was fortunately called before either was tempted to make a bad foul.

ROUND 2—Both men were promptly at the scratch, Young being the worse winded, but with an air which betokened some wicked work, and he got in two or three licks at McLeod which brought forth the cheers of his friends, but Mac retaliated in good shape by several body-thumpers and a sockdolager in the mouth, which made Jim's teeth fairly rattle. Time was called while the men were slugging each other viciously. Jim bled a little from the blow in the mouth, but for some reason the referee refused to allow McLeod's claim of first blood.

ROUND 3—It was evident to all at the beginning of this round that Jim's chances were gone. Perspiration was streaming from every pore, and his reckless manner of using his arms enabled McLeod to get in one on his throat, speedily followed by another under the ear, which turned Jim around so that he fell heavily on his face. He only got up to get another square in the face, which dazed him against the rope and knocked out what game there was still left in him. Had the three minutes not by this time expired the fight would have been ended.

ROUND 4—As Young staggered heavily from his corner at call of time, too thoroughly dazed and beaten to even put up a guard, he was promptly met by McLeod, who gave him one that sent him balancing backward across the rope, and it was for a second or two doubtful whether he would reach the floor outside or inside the ring, but the heaviness of his feet overbalancing the lightness of his head saved him from being knocked out of the ring as well as out of time, for his second now threw up the sponge.

McLeod received the hearty congratulations of his friends, as well as the trophy and gate money, the lat-

ter amounting to several hundred dollars. He must, however, win the medal against two other competitors before it becomes his entire property and he fully entitled to the championship of Arizona. He accepted the medal on that condition, but with this proviso, that he will no more enter the ring with a colored man.

Thomas Hughes, an elderly man from Arizona, arrived in this city on Sept. 21. Hughes had a high appreciation of prowess in the prize ring, and was an ardent admirer of all professional fighters. This trait of the retired miner's character soon brought him to grief. He was a complainant in the Tombs police court against three sporting men whom he charged with swindling him out of \$5,000 by representing that they had arranged a fight between John L. Sullivan and James Mace for \$10,000 a side. The prisoners were Michael Cleary, the pugilist, William Bennett, his partner in the saloon at No. 270 Bowery, and "Shang" Draper, the notorious bank burglar.

Hughes said that on the day of his arrival in this city he started out for a stroll down the Bowery, of which thoroughfare he had heard great tales in the West. He was disappointed after walking several blocks to find that no shooting affray occurred, no one was clubbed by a policeman, and no fire broke out. Feeling tired he stopped near East Houston street. The name of "Mike Cleary" in a saloon window caught the old miner's eye. "Here," he said to himself, "is a good son of the old sod, and I'll go in and have a drink with him."

Cleary was delighted to meet the stranger and took him into his friendship at once. The two had several drinks together, talked over sporting matters, and Hughes agreed to meet some of Cleary's friends in the saloon that night. The appointment was kept and Hughes was introduced to William Bennett. From this time on the three men were together very often. On Monday, October 1, they drew him into discussing the merits of various champions. Hughes became enthusiastic on the subject, and said he would give almost any amount to see a fair fight between two good men. The Arizona expressed himself as willing to put up \$10,000, if necessary, rather than miss seeing a fight before going to Ireland.

The blood of the Forty-niner was now up. He went out and soon returned with a certified check for \$10,000, which he handed without any ado to Cleary to be held as a security that he would put up \$5,000 in cash. The pugilist put the check carefully in his pocket, and proposed that a match be made between John L. Sullivan and James Mace. This proposal suited Hughes exactly, and he urged that the preliminaries be arranged as soon as possible. A meeting with Mace's backers was arranged for that evening. Hughes, Cleary, Bennett, Mace and other sporting men were present, including James Corcoran, who appeared for Mace. Cleary represented Sullivan. Hughes bet \$10,000 on Sullivan, and deposited half the money. He afterward learned from Sullivan that no such fight was to take place, and demanded the return of the money from Draper. This was refused on the ground that he had forfeited it because he failed to make the final deposit of \$5,000. The three men were put under \$2,500 bail each for examination.

The long pending glove contest between Tommy Barnes and Tom King, promoted by Barney Maguire, the well known sporting man of the Arbor, 273 Bowery, New York, took place at a sporting house in Brooklyn, at 1 A. M. on Oct. 16. The match came about in this way. King claimed that he could "do" Barnes the best day he ever saw. This statement caused a discussion, and Joe Fowler said Tommy shall fight you for \$20, and I'll have a friend of mine find the money." King agreed to fight Barnes at any weight, any time, any place, by any rules, and Barney Maguire, who is always eager to promote all kinds of sport, agreed to offer a purse for the pugilists to fight for, according to the new rules of the London prize ring. The match was made, and it was agreed the pugilists should walk within 100 miles of this city, with gloves, on Oct. 15. After the match was a certainty, Barnes went into training under the mentorship of the greatest little featherweight pugilist in America, Joe Fowler.

The fight was to have taken place on the Manhattan club athletic grounds at Eighty-sixth street and Ninth avenue. There the "tipped" crowd assembled. Other than the sports, however, received due notice, for a policeman informed the roundsmen on his beat that the affair was to come off. The resounding blows of the officers' clubs on the sidewalk soon brought a posse to the neighborhood. Frightened at this unexpected interference, the managers of the affair quietly passed the word to a few chosen ones and the principals and seconds, and the place of fighting was changed.

Barnes was born in Sheffield, is 38 years old, stands 5 feet 2½ inches high, and weighed 131 pounds. He has fought twelve battles in the prize ring, and in his first essay beat Monk Andrews. Afterward he defeated Tip Taylor, Jimmy Magin, George Armesfield, Walter Jessup, Jimmy Parsons, Pit Noseberry, Pea Bowe, and was whipped by Jim Moran, who stood seven inches taller, and was 37 pounds heavier, and was beaten again by Legs Holden, who stood 6 feet ½ inch high and weighed 185 pounds.

Tom King was born in London, is 31 years old, stands 5 ft 8 in high, and weighed 136 lbs. He beat Ned Timony, Jim Cannon, Punch Dorsey and Johnny O'Brien. Barnes, who was trained by Tom McAlpin, looked in fine condition; on the other hand King looked too fat.

On arriving at the battle ground King was found in bed, and Tim Driscoll, Balt Sweeney and Paddy Jones, the champion rough-and-tumble fighters of the Bowery, paying strict attention to him. King said he would do his best to win. He said he weighed 130 lbs., and wished the battle had to be decided on the turf, for he did not like milling on boards. Barnes was found in an adjoining room with Mark Maguire, the veteran sporting man, Frank Stevenson and John Shanley. Joe Fowler was rubbing him down.

In the meantime the room had been cleared out and a ring erected. At 1 A. M. all was ready. Jimmy Murray, who was to look after Barnes, and John Woods (not the sporting photographer), better known as "Cockey," who fought many a hard battle, arrived. The pugilists were soon dressed in full ring costume, and at 1:20 A. M. entered the ring. Barnes selected the southeast corner, while King hoisted his colors, or at least his shirt, in the southwest corner.

There was considerable delay in selecting a referee. William E. Harding was proposed, and both pugilists were anxious he should fill that position. He stated that he was acting in his official duty, and under no circumstances could he accept. Frank Stevenson was then named, but refused to act. Finally a noted up town pugilist and sporting man was agreed upon, and all was ready for the mill.

Barnes was seconded by Jimmy Murray, the best pugilist of his weight in this country, and Joe Fowler. Jim Driscoll and "Cockey" John Woods seconded King, while Kelly, the noted Bowery sport, was timekeeper. The pugilists fought, London prize ring rules, thirty seconds rest being allowed between each round. All being ready, the referee called time, and the pugilists faced each other.

ROUND 1—The pugilists as soon as time was called lost little time in sparring, and King, leading off on his opponent's chin, brought them together. They rattled away at one another in lively style, until Barnes was fought down in the centre of the ring. Time, 38 seconds.

ROUND 2—Coming up smartly to the scratch King at once got home on the face, receiving in exchange a hot right hander on the eye. At once they commenced half-armed work, both being very busy, until Barnes got hold and threw King. Time, 25 seconds.

ROUND 3—King's left eye was already swollen when he left his second's knee at the call of time for the third round. Barnes, inspired by the sight of the damage he had done, lost no time in getting to work, banging his left on the damaged spot. King replied with a left and right on the ribs, and at once they got to close quarters when, after some dozen blows had been struck, Barnes took King round the waist and threw him, adding his own weight to make the fall tell. Time, 15s.

ROUND 4—King led off with a crusher full on Barnes' nose, the latter replying feebly with the left on the chest, and then, getting another good hold on King, repeated his tactics of the previous round by throwing and falling on him. Time 15s.

ROUND 5—This was a short affair. Barnes missed his first lead, but the second time he feinted with his left, and, launching out his right, knocked King clean off his feet. First knock down blow claimed and allowed. Time, 10s.

ROUND 6—Both were showing the effects of the fast fighting when they came up for the sixth round. There was no fighting, for as soon as King led drive at Barnes' damaged nose, the latter bore in open handed for a wrestle. King got the best hold and succeeded in throwing Barnes heavily. Time 15s.

ROUND 7—Barnes was the first to let fly, reaching King's already closed eye, while the latter was at home on Barnes' unfortunate nose. A grapple, and Barnes was picked right off his feet and thrown heavily on the flat of his back. Time, 10s.

ROUND 8—This was a repetition of the previous one, one blow being struck by each. Wrestling followed, and Barnes was thrown, rolling off the stage. Time, 10s.

ROUND 9—The men's backs were a sight, being red and bruised from the falls on the hard boards. King led and got home his left on the forehead and his right on the nose, Barnes driving both hands at the body. One of King's shoes slipped down, and while it was being put in place Barnes took the opportunity for a breather. No sooner, however, was King ready than they rushed at one another and grappled for the best hold, which Barnes obtained, and he at once twisted King off his feet and fell on him. Time, 25s.

ROUND 10—This was quickly over. King got a light left bander on the side of Barnes' face, and the latter, swinging round his left on the side of the face, sent King sprawling on the stage. Time, 5s.

ROUND 11—By this time each was showing severe marks of punishment. King's left eye was completely closed, while Barnes' left optic also showed signs of joining the early closing movement. From damaged noses and puffed and cut lips the blood trickled, and getting on the gloves was smudged all over their bodies. Driven on by the shouts and cries of their excited friends they were soon busy hammering away at one another until Barnes, who was decidedly the stronger, fought King down in his own corner. Time, 10s.

ROUND 12—After the first lead by King the round was simply a wrestle, Barnes being thrown in five seconds.

ROUND 13—There was more outfighting in this round Barnes being told to keep away and plug his man with right handers. This he followed out to a nicety, and every time King attempted to close Barnes steadied him with one or both hands. At last they got together and King, who was very weak, was thrown. Time, 45s.

ROUND 14—King came up much fresher than was expected, and did his best to turn the tide which was surely setting in against him. Barnes repeated his tactics of the previous round, but King soon bored in and the wrestle resulted in a dog fall. Time, 10s.

In the sixteenth and last round both men were prompt, and the blow rained thick and fast, till cries arose among the spectators. "Look out!" "Stop the fight!" "Lock the doors!" "The police are coming up stairs!" "Here they are!" A heavy pounding was heard at the door. Some of the crowd were trying to get out of the window, others hid under the stage. Finally the referee ordered the men up stairs. Joe Fowler and Jimmy Murray put on a new set of boxing gloves and began a scientific boxing match. Then the doors were opened. It turned out, however, that a coroner and a lot of other Long Island officials, who came with proper credentials to witness the fight, had been belated and had just arrived. They apologized for having inadvertently interrupted the performances. The referee then ordered the men to enter the ring again. Barnes was quickly on hand, but King did not put in an appearance. Five minutes was given him in which to show up. Jim Driscoll finally said: "It's no use. If you give him five years he won't come in." He's got enough.

King was then brought into the ring. He said: "Gentlemen, I can't fight any more. I've injured my wrist."

The referee, therefore, awarded the purse to Barnes. The time occupied was just 21m for the 16 rounds.

Old ring goers say that Barnes reminds them of George Fullames in his style of ducking and quick countering. At the end of the battle Barnes received \$75 and King \$25.

Barnes, elated over his victory, is eager to fight any man in the world at his weight.

Joe Coburn and Charley Mitchell boxed at Auburn, N. Y., on October 12, and attracted a crowd. The science displayed by the champions met with loud applause. On October 13, at Syracuse, the pugilists again met in the arena and filled the house. Mitchell and Coburn made a great set-to, and every one who bought a ticket was well satisfied.

We have received a communication from Jack Stewart, the champion boxer of Canada, who is now in London, Ontario, stating that he is anxious to box Jack Davis, four three-minute rounds, Marquis of Queensberry rules, and his representative will meet Davis' representative at any time at the POLICE GAZETTE office to arrange a match.

A DEADLY BARROOM BATTLE.

John Walsh and John Irving Shot Dead in "Shang" Draper's Resort.

[With Portraits.]

Cries, followed by pistol shots, rang out from "Shang" Draper's saloon at 468 Sixth avenue, New York, about 2 o'clock on the morning of October 16, and in a few moments two noted criminals, pierced with leaden missiles, bloody and gasping in the throes of death, lay close together on the billiard room floor. Blood was streaming from gaping wounds and forming large and ghastly pools around the dying victims. Another instant and the spark of life had fled. The horrible spectacle made the stoutest man present shrink with terror. The dead men were John Walsh, alias "John the Mick," and John Irving, two of the most notorious cracksmen in this city or elsewhere. Six men were in Draper's place at the time of the tragedy. Behind the bar was Harry Hope, a son of Jimmy Hope, the bank burglar. John Walsh was leaning on the bar, with his right hand supporting his head, and standing by were William Vosburgh, Michael Fay and Patrick Leary. In another room was Nathaniel Roth, an ex-convict.

All the men were chatting pleasantly together and Hope was mixing a drink for Walsh when the side door of the saloon opened and Johnny Irving entered. His black diagonal overcoat was thrown open and his right hand was in his hip pocket. Suddenly the polished barrel of a revolver glistened under the gaslight. The report of the revolver rang through the air and a bullet tore through the sleeves of Walsh's under and over coats and flattened up against the bar.

Walsh turned like a flash toward the side door. The smooth bore of the revolver was pointed at his heart and his eyes met Irving's as they danced in their sockets from unexpressed excitement. Walsh then started toward the billiard parlor, drawing his revolver as he ran, while his companions sought safety beneath tables or under the bar.

Walsh was trying to get behind an immense retractor, but frightened by the hurrying steps of Irving behind him, he turned, throwing up his left hand to shield off the danger. Irving fired again, and the bullet entered the back of Walsh's raised hand and forced its way through the knuckle of his largest finger. Walsh had now got his revolver, a self-cocking Smith and Wesson, from his pocket, and facing Irving sent a bullet into the right shoulder of his assailant.

Shots followed in quick succession now, and who was injured could not be told, as the two ruffians never spoke as they pulled the triggers of their weapons, and the only knowledge the hiding men had of the terrible encounter going on was the tramp of feet upon the floor and the reports of pistols as they rang through the saloon.

Walsh was preparing to fire a third shot when, according to all accounts, the side door opened again and Billy Porter, Irving's friend, entered the room. Hope darted out at this instant and rushed to Kane's oyster house on the block below to tell Draper, who was there, of the shooting.

Walsh recognized in Porter another foe, and pulling the trigger of his revolver sent a bullet through Irving's head. At the same instant that Irving fell the report of another revolver was heard, and Walsh fell with a bullet in his heart, not five feet away from Irving. Whether Irving or Porter fired the shot which ended Walsh's life is a disputed question, but the general opinion is that Porter did so, or knows who did it.

Porter is under arrest, charged with the killing of Walsh; and as there is no living witness to the deed the words quoted by Walsh's sister, who during her sobs repeated these words, which she claims her dead brother spoke to her other brother George: "George, if anything should happen to me, which I hope there won't, it's Porter that done it—he's sworn to kill me," will probably be important in making up the chain of evidence against Porter. Irving was buried in Evergreen Cemetery, East New York, on October 17, and the funeral of "the Mick" took place the following day, he being interred at the Cypress Hills Cemetery.

WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT'S TIP OVER.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Mr. William H. Vanderbilt while driving his favorite trotter, Early Rose, single, in a light top wagon, on the track of the Gentlemen's Driving Park association, at Fleetwood Park, about 5 o'clock on the afternoon of Oct. 17, was thrown from his carriage and slightly injured by a collision with a skeleton wagon, in which David Bonner's groom was exercising a colt. Mr. Vanderbilt was approaching the pole, going on the reverse of the track at about a 230 gait. He had the inside of the track, and the trainer, who was following the track, kept to the right and left the inside free for Mr. Vanderbilt. At the same moment Mr. Vanderbilt pulled out to leave the track. The two vehicles crashed together with sufficient force to tip Mr. Vanderbilt's wagon nearly over and throw out its occupant.

Mr. Vanderbilt landed on his right shoulder. In an instant he was surrounded by a crowd. He was unconscious. His friend, Mr. William Turnbull, and others placed him in a chair and carried him to the platform of the club house. Ten minutes after the accident he was walking about. He entered a close carriage provided by Mr. Gabe Case, and, in company with Mr. Turnbull, was driven to his home.

The day after the accident Mr. Vanderbilt was "himself again" and was out whirling with his team as happy as a lark.

HOVEY SENT TO GLORY.

[With Portrait.]

Edward Hovey, who murdered his sister-in-law, Fanny Vermilyea, 18 months ago, was hanged in the yard of the Tombs prison, New York city, Friday, Oct. 16. The condemned man hardly slept a wink the night preceding his execution, and as he had exhibited no little concern over his approaching fate, the prison doctors decided to give him a morphine injection and a few drinks of whiskey. This had the desired effect. When the fatal hour arrived Hovey showed a bold front and walked to the scaffold without flinching. The rope retaining the weights were sprung at a few minutes after eight, and death, or at least unconsciousness, was almost instantaneous. Only about 75 persons, including Sheriff Alexander Davidson and his deputies, and about 25 reporters, were present at the execution, and everything passed off in the most orderly manner. The murderer's remains were taken to his father's residence and then privately interred. Sheriff Davidson is to be congratulated for the efficient measures he took to maintain order and quiet.

IN A SCRAPE AGAIN.

Another Victim of Edward Arnott, the Actor, Turns up and Raises the Old Harry.

Mr. Edward J. Arnott has been getting into trouble again, and of course, as usual, he is being shown up in a very unsavory light. Mr. Arnott claims to be a Liverpool Irishman. He inflicted himself upon the American public a few years ago, appearing in minor parts at Wallack's theatre. He became one of the principals in a dirty scandal, and severed his connection with that institution. For some time past he has been a member of different travelling companies and quite recently entered the W. E. Sheridan dramatic combination which opened at the Walnut Street theatre Philadelphia last week. The latest unpleasantness in which Mr. Arnott is concerned has created some stir in theatrical circles. A lady claiming to be his wife, has preferred a charge of abandonment against him, and the police of Philadelphia are now engaged in looking up his whereabouts.

According to Mrs. Arnott's story she met her actor-husband in Kentucky some four years ago, and after a courtship of six weeks they were married, Arnott giving the name of Edward Plantagenet Beaufort. After their marriage Mrs. Arnott accompanied her husband on his professional tours and for two years they lived happily. He was always a drinking man to some extent, but after the period mentioned his dissipated habits grew upon him and he began to abuse her, even on occasions as she alleges, going so far as to blacken her eyes and to break the bridge of her nose. He even went so far as to pawn the clothing and jewelry belonging to his wife and child in order to gratify his craving for drink. Some two months ago, while in Chicago, he abandoned her, leaving her almost penniless and dependent upon the tender mercies of strangers.

Three weeks back the woman learned of his being a member of the W. E. Sheridan company, and coming to Philadelphia she called at the Walnut Street theatre, and after persistently demanding admittance succeeded Saturday Oct. 12, in gaining access to the stage, where she found her husband engaged in a rehearsal of "King Lear," in which he assumed the part of Edmund.

It is alleged that Mr. Arnott had just been upon a protracted spree, and at the time of his wife's appearance was not yet sober. At all events a most pathetic and disgraceful scene ensued between the alleged husband and wife. The latter, with tears in her eyes, besought her brutal husband to make some arrangements for her support, and for a peaceable separation. This he refused, and threatened her that if she did not go away he would put her out by force and take her child away from her. Finding entreaties useless, she left the theatre and sought her lawyer, who accompanied her to a magistrate, and obtained a warrant for Arnott's arrest, but upon their return with an officer the bird had flown. It was afterwards discovered that Arnott had left Philadelphia just so soon as his wife left the theatre, and he is now supposed to be in New York city.

A TOUGH RAILROAD SLEEPER.

The following remarkable tale, which would be regarded as incredible if not vouched for by a POLICE GAZETTE correspondent, has been received from New Windsor, Md.:

While a freight was switched off on a siding at Avondale, on the Western Maryland railroad, on Oct. 14, to await the passing of the regular mail train, Jacob Bankert, a brakeman, was detailed to keep a lookout for and give warning of the approach of the expected train. Having been up all the night before, and taking this opportunity to recuperate by a nap, the train not being expected for some time, he laid down and placed his head on the rail of the main track over which the coming mail would pass, this being not uncommon with brakemen who argue that the jarring of the rails, caused by an approaching train, is sufficient to awaken them. In this case, however, Bankert neglected to remove his head in time, and the mail, travelling about 40 miles an hour, struck him and threw him against the bank ten feet beyond. Picked up for dead and carried to his home in Union Bridge, the attending physician agreed to the general verdict, and every preparation was made for burial. The weather being universally warm, the supposed dead man was placed in an ice box. To the intense amazement and horror of many of the friends, who were in the same room discussing the event, he arose, and after gazing about him, asked: "Has she passed yet?"

He is now doing well, and has fair chances of recovery.

A SLEEP WALKING KLEPTOMANIAC.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Quite a sensation has recently been caused in a fashionable boarding house on Lexington avenue by the mysterious disappearance of sundry portable objects and small change from the rooms of some of the guests. Of course the servants were accused, and several were discharged. The petty pilfering still continued, and the landlady was at a loss as to what to do to ferret out the thief, until a few nights ago one of the gentlemen lodgers was awakened by a slight noise, and found that a female figure in a night robe was in his room, deliberately going through his pockets. He recognized the intruder as one of the female boarders, and made no outcry but quietly followed her when she left the room. She walked directly to her room, and after searching her plunder on the top of a dressing case, fell upon the bed. He then discovered that she had been walking in her sleep, and had committed the theft involuntarily. Nearly all the missing articles were found in out of the way hiding places in her room, and the lady, who is eminently respectable, could give no explanation as to how they came there.

A BLOOD CURDLING TRAGEDY.

At Craigville, West Va., on Sunday, Oct. 14, a most horrible crime was committed by some persons as yet unknown. Mrs. George W. Manly, wife of a farmer, was confined to her bed, having given birth to an infant a few days before. While temporarily left alone by a servant, the husband being absent on the farm, the mother and child were beaten to death, their bodies, together with the bed clothing, piled in the middle of the room, and then set on fire. The bodies were almost consumed when found, but enough remained to show they had been murdered. The excitement over the crime was intense.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ANOTHER GREAT SERIES.
SECRETS OF THE STAGE.

Behind the Scenes and What Goes on There.

The Mysteries of the Theatre Unveiled by an Old Insider, and Superbly Illustrated. The opening Chapters of this Superb and Fascinating Work appear in

FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS,
No. 28 Out Oct. 20. Price, 5 Cents.

J. L. M., Salem, Neb.—Hard gloves generally.
H. M., Pottsville, Pa.—We have not the rules.
M. W., Rice Lake.—In several cities they are licensed.
L. A., Wyoming, Wyo.—We do not advertise boatbuilders.
B. F., Hudson, Mass.—Good Friday is not a legal holiday.
P. S., Baltimore, Md.—There are no such rules published.
D. M., Boston, Mass.—Send \$1 and we will furnish the book.
J. J. B., Fall River, Mass.—Pierre Lorillard, and he still owns him.

Spratt, Joplin, Mo.—The fight is off. Each man received his stakes.

R. J., Cheyenne.—He made the offer, but it was not accepted.

H. M. G., Warren, Pa.—It is a draw bet, the umpire's decision being final.

W. K., Detroit, Mich.—John L. Sullivan stands 5 ft 10½ in in his stockings.

Wisconsin, Racine, Wis.—The Dramatic Times is considered one of the best.

E. T. C., Passaic, N. J.—1. Vanderbilt or Jay Gould. 2. We have not the address.

W. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.—John L. Sullivan weighed 195 lbs when he fought Paddy Ryan.

M. J. M., Twin City.—Joe Goss and Tom Allen fought in Kentucky, on Sept. 7, 1876.

D. J., Hartford, Conn.—We sold 30,000 copies, and we are publishing another edition.

Reader, Strong City, Kansas.—Send 50 cents and we will furnish you with the book.

J. D., St. Joseph, Mo.—Jem Mace, who fought Joe Coburn in Canada, is alive and well.

W. F. E., Salt Lake City, Utah.—John L. Sullivan measures about 44 in round the chest.

H. L. W., Mauch Chunk, Pa.—You can get any book through this office that we advertise.

G. S., Elkhart, Ind.—1. Josh Ward is still living. 2. Ellis Ward resides in Philadelphia, Pa. 3. No.

E. J. B., Auburn, Me.—Prince was defeated by Keen. 2. He claims that he stands 5 ft 9½ in.

A BROWLAW SUBSCRIBER, Thomaston, Conn.—John L. Sullivan, 195, and Paddy Ryan, 195 lbs.

T. H., Lancaster, Pa.—1. Hutchins, of England, is so considered. 2. If A fails to jump 21 ft 3 in.

A SUBSCRIBER, Phoenix, N. Y.—Ossian was first. Chisholm second, and Highland third.

H. C. G., Erie, Pa.—Send for the life of Jem Mace. It contains all his battles. Price by mail, 30c.

E. F., West Bay City, Mich.—Yes, send the portraits and matter. 2. Joe Coburn's height is 5 ft 9½ in.

E. L. C., Fulton, Mo.—A letter addressed to Green Morris, Sheephead Bay, L. I., will find him.

F. B., Oxford Furnace, N. J.—Police Gazette is \$4, and the Week's Doings \$2.50 per year by mail.

C. B. S., Williamstown, Mo.—We cannot see any difference, as both "B" and "C" won two heats each.

W. D. H., Santa Fe, N. M.—The Revere House is at the corner of Broadway and Houston street.

H. M., Chelsea, Mass.—Meagher, in his race with Dennis Driscoll, walked 50 miles in 8½ hours.

M. J. S., Leavenworth, Kan.—The battle ground had not been named, therefore we cannot inform you.

H. C. C., Boston, Mass.—1. Starting from the mark. 2. No. 3. Send \$1 and we will furnish the book.

W. F., Ferrona Station, N. Y.—Write to M. A. Dauphin, Louisiana State Lottery Co., New Orleans, La.

F. B., New York city.—We can furnish you with a book on boxing and wrestling, price by mail, 50 cents.

E. H. D., Cleveland, Ohio.—"H. B." does not win. The bets should be drawn. It is a nonsensical wager.

R. T., Independence, Col.—1. Joe Goss never fought Tom Sayers. 2. The bets follow the main stakes.

P. F. S., Glen's Falls, N. Y.—"A" loses in consequence of the company he was betting on being disqualified.

S. G., Indianapolis, Ind.—1. Hanlan was never beaten by Courtney. 2. The former beat the latter twice. 3. Yes.

G. H., Elmira, N. Y.—The steamer Alida years ago made the trip from New York to Albany, 146 miles, in 6½ days.

J. A. H., Fort Wayne.—When Tom Hyer fought Sullivan he weighed 185 lbs, stood 6 ft 3½ in and was 30 years old.

FRANKLY, & Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Wapakoneta was a race at Saratoga last summer, and the pools paid over \$1,000 for \$5.

S. F. Fort Discovery, W. T.—1. 1894 was fought by Ten Brock, carrying 110 lbs, against time, Louisville, Ky., May 24, 1877.

F. G., Reynoldsville, Pa.—1. John L. Sullivan weighed 195 and Paddy Ryan 195 lbs, when they fought. 2. Feb. 7, 1882.

New SUBSCRIBER, New Haven, Conn.—John L. Sullivan and Tug Wilson sparred in Madison Square garden, July 17, 1882.

P. G., Savannah, Ga.—1. Patsy Sheppard and Tom Kelly are not matched to fight. 2. Yes. 3. He has retired from the ring.

M. E. F., Burlington, Iowa.—The "Era" is published by Edward Ledger, No. 49 Wellington street, London, W. C., England.

G. F., St. Louis, Neb.—Extremities means the extreme point or end. Extremities, if applied to the body, means the hands and feet.

B. H., Milwaukee, Wis.—George Seward has the best record for 100 yards, viz., 9½ seconds, at Hammersmith, England, Sept. 30, 1884.

W. W., Mobile, Ala.—Frank Johnson is said to have walked 1,519½ miles in 1,013 consecutive hours, at Boston, in the fall of 1869.

P. D., St. Louis, Mo.—Bryan Campbell, who was matched to fight Tom Walling, is the same pugilist who fought Harry Hicken. 2. No.

D. J., Holyoke, Mass.—Send a forfeit to this office with your challenge. We have not space for challenges not backed with money.

P. H. S., Long Island.—Prof. Webster was hung at Boston, Mass., for the murder of Dr. Pariman on Aug. 30, 1850. It was not in 1840.

M. J. H., Big Rapids, Mich.—Write to John Hussey, foot of Thirty-fourth street, East River, New York city. He can probably inform you.

G. S., Jackson, Miss.—1. Hyer weighed 175 lbs when he fought McCloskey, and the latter weighed 160 lbs. 2. Dan Donnelly fought Cooper and Oliver.

J. B., Williamsburg, Pa.—Santa Claus has a record of 2:18½; Robert McGregor, 2:19; J. B. Thomas, 2:18½; Alexander, 2:19; and Voltaire, 2:20½.

J. W. W., Rogersfield, N. Y.—It is uncertain whether Mitchell and Blade will come together, so that we could not inform you how you should bet.

"Jazz" of Denver, Col.—John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan fought at Mississippi City, Harrison county, State of Mississippi, on 7th of February, 1882.

P. D., Wilkesbarre, Pa.—1. Fret, the 15-ball pool player, is in Chicago, Ill., winning nearly every game he plays. 2. Hanlan did row Wallace Ross in June.

S. M., Cincinnati, Ohio.—1. No pugilist has yet posted \$1,500 forfeit with the Police Gazette and challenged John L. Sullivan. 2. He resides in Boston, Mass.

H. F., Wyoming, Wyo.—We have not space to publish your communications, neither is the Police Gazette responsible for John L. Sullivan's way of managing exhibitions.

G. S., New Orleans, La.—1. Sullivan was born in Boston. 2.

John C. Heenan was defeated by John Morrissey in 11 rounds, lasting 21m, at Long Point, Canada, Oct. 20, 1867.

P. B., Bodie, Mono county, Cal.—"Yankee" Sullivan never fought a prize fight in Virginia City. Sullivan was dead before Nevada was recognized as a State of the Union.

E. T., Pottsville, Pa.—On Jan. 8, 1866, John McDevitt and Wm. Goldthwaite played 1,500 points in New York for \$500. McDevitt won by 1,387 points, making the great run of 1,463.

C. E., Buffalo, N. Y.—1. Andy Love, the Chicago pugilist, died from injuries received in his battle with Mike Fagan, of St. Louis, Mo., June 1, 1882. 2. Thirty-five rounds, lasting 51m.

CONSTANT READER, Henderson, N. C.—What kind of solution could be obtained that would eat iron, and what kind would eat the most rapid? Answer, concentrated hydrochloric acid.

F. B. T., Washington, D. C.—"Maud S." has trotted a mile in 2:10½ against time, in harness, accompanied by running mate, at Rochester, N. Y., August 11, 1881. This is her best record.

M. H., Latonia Springs, Ky.—The Duke of Hamilton's Ostron won the Doncaster, St. Leger, run Sept. 13. C. Perkins' Chisholm was second, and Lord Ellamer's Highland Chief third.

M. S., Easton, Pa.—1. It was in January of 1864 that Joe Coburn issued a challenge to fight Tom King (the report of whose victory over John C. Heenan had reached New York) for \$10,000. 2. Yes. 3. No.

M. H., Selma, Ala.—1. On Jan. 9, 1877, Johnny Dwyer deposited \$50 forfeit and challenged Tom Allen or any man in America to fight for the championship of America. 2. Hard gloves generally. 3. No.

M. S., Joliet, Ill.—Henry "Blower" Brown's best six-day record was made in the race for the Astley belt, representing the English championship, Feb. 16, 1880, when he covered 553 miles in 140h and 30m.

N. R., Marlboro, Mass.—1. John McMahon claims the title of collar-and-elbow champion of the United States, and is at all times ready to defend it. 2. There is no history published of the gentleman you refer to.

E. D., Baltimore, Md.—All ambitious pugilists who continue to send challenges to the Police Gazette and pretend they want to fight John L. Sullivan, must send a forfeit if they desire their challenges to appear in print.

M. G. S., Rochester, N. Y.—Billy Kelly and Johnny Grady fought at Guttenberg, N. J., on May 7, 1867. One hundred and eighteen rounds were fought in 2h 10m. The referee left the ring, and the battle ended in a draw.

J. A. H., Boston, Mass.—1. John L. Sullivan did knock J. Remler out of time at Washington, D. C., but the latter did not die from the injuries he received. 2. Sullivan never killed a man, either in a glove or a prize fight.

M. D., Rochester, N. Y.—1. Harry Jones, the Sailor Boy, fought 33 battles, winning 23, losing 9 and drawing 1. 2. Harry Broome did forfeit to Tom Paddock in April 18, 1863. Broome was arrested at the instance of his own backers.

T. S. F., Rockville, Conn.—1. Send to this office for the "American Athlete," price by mail, 30 cents. 2. The best American record for a quarter of a mile was made by L. E. Myers, at Birmingham, England, July 16, 1881, viz: 48-3-5-4.

S. T., Richmond, Va.—1. E. P. Weston is living in England. 2. Weston did attempt to walk from Bangor, Me., to St. Paul, Minn., and back to New York, 5,000 miles. 3. He started on Jan. 19, 1860. He gave up at Buffalo, N. Y., on Feb. 19, 1860.

R. S., Chicago.—1. A win on account of holding ace making game, as high is better than low. 2. C is entitled to his two points, for B should have discovered the mistake before he layed his hand. 3. B is entitled to be out, holding low.

E. H., Chicago, Ill.—1. John Morrissey and Yankee Sullivan fought at Boston Four Corners, Oct. 12, 1853. 2. Morrissey won. 3. Send for the "Champions of the English and American Prize Ring." 4. Morrissey stood 5 ft 11½ in in height.

S. W. C., West Bay City, Mich.—1. McLaughlin and McMahon wrestled twice at Chicago. McMahon won the first, which was collar-and-elbow, for \$1,000 and the championship of America. 2. The second match was wrestled in harness and McLaughlin won.

A. B. C. D., Ohio.—Tom Hyer and Country McCloskey fought on Sept. 9, 1861, to settle an old dispute. The battle took place near Caldwell's Landing, on the Hudson river, and lasted 2h 55m: 101 rounds were fought under a burning sun, and the battle was given to Hyer.

H. W., Long Branch, N. J.—1. Fiddler, the winner of the Great Metropolitan stakes, at the Epsom meeting, was sired by Frankness, formerly owned by M. H. Sanford, of Lexington, Ky., and was taken by him to England, where he was killed on account of his viciousness. 2. No.

H. W., Passaic, N. J.—1. He started to go to Long Branch. 2. From \$4 upwards. 3. John L. Sullivan has proved he is the best man, and trials of endurance and speed always decide that point. 4. Sweeney, by 25 per cent. 5. Yes, July 16, 1872. The distance was 3½ miles.

A. B. C., Cleveland, Ohio.—1. Weston has been defeated by O'Leary three times—at Chicago, England and San Francisco. 2. The score in the second race for the Astley belt at New York, March, 1876, was—Bowell 500 miles, Ennis 474, Harriman 450, O'Leary 215. 3. Yes. 4. No.

G. L. G., Austin, Texas.—1. Nat Langham whipped Tom Sayers in 61 rounds, lasting 2h and 2m. 2. Langham's height was 5 ft 10 in, and fighting weight 154 lbs. 3. Sayers was six years younger than Langham the day they fought, but Langham weighed fully 3 lbs more than Sayers.

CONSTANT READER, Uniontown, Ala.—1. Best pacing record made by "Little Brown Jug," 2:11½, at Hartford, Conn., Aug. 24, 1881. 2. We don't know of any such work published on the subject. 3. Charles W. Dickel & Co.'s Riding Academy, No. 130 West Fifty-sixth street, New York city.

M. S., Fall River, Mass.—The first international four-oared shell race for the championship of the world, between the champion crew of England, from Newcastle-on-Tyne, and the Paris crew of St. John's, N. B., champions of America, for \$5,000, was rowed on the St. Lawrence river, Lachine, Canada, on Sept. 15, 1880.

W. G., Louisville, Ky.—1. The decision of the referee is final and settles the race, and there is no appeal. If he declares that the party who ran the race from start to finish won that settles the matter. 2. If he ordered the men to run again then the contestant refusing lost the race—the man on the track had nothing to do with it.

J. J., Wyoming, Wyo.—1. Jem Mace and Joe Goss fought three times. 2. Mace was never beaten by Goss. 3. Mace beat Goss in ten rounds, lasting 55m, Sept. 1, 1883. 4. They fought a draw May 24, 1868. 5. Not a blow was struck, although the men were in the ring 1h and 5m. 6. Mace beat Goss Aug. 6, 1865, in 3P rounds, fought in 21m.

H. U. W., St. Louis, Mich.—"Ten Brock," 5-year-old, carrying 110 lbs, against time, Louisville, Ky., May 24, 1877; time, 1:39½. "Boardman," 4-year-old, carrying 94 lbs, against horses, Sheephead Bay, L. I., Sept. 21, 1880; time, 1:40½. "Victim," 5-year-old, carrying 117 lbs, best at the weight, Saratoga, N. Y., Aug. 1, 1881; time, 1:41½.

G. L. L., Louisville, Ky.—1. Deaf Burke was champion of England after Jem Ward retired in 1831. 2. Burke defeated Simon Byrne for £200 and the title of Noman's Land, May 29, 1833. The battle lasted 3 hours 6 minutes. Byrne died from the terrible punishment he received. Deaf Burke was tried for manslaughter and acquitted.

J. F. K., What Cheer, Iowa.—1. Mace was defeated by Bob Brettle in two rounds, occupying 5m. 2. Hard gloves differ from soft ones, from the fact that there is less hair under in the former than in the latter. 3. Longest battle on record 6½ hrs, James Kelly and Jonathan Smith, near Melbourne, November, 1856. 4. They were frightened by the authorities.

L. B., Norfolk, Va.—1. Harry Hill and Lieut. L. Ainsworth, of Connecticut, wrestled collar-and-elbow for the championship of America, at Mozart Hall, New York, April 14, 1863. W. H. Barnes was referee. Hill won. 2. Ainsworth was born in New Britain, Conn., in 1833. 3. He did challenge to wrestle any man in America for \$1,000 at 145 lbs. 4. A win.

W. G., Cincinnati, Ohio.—1. Gen. Butler, a horse famous in the days of Flora Temple, George M. Patchen and Commodore Vanderbilt, is still alive, and is kept at Woodlawn, Westchester county, N. Y. 2. He was winner of many first class races in his day, beating Patchen under saddle in 2:21, making a record of 2:23½ in harness and 2 miles to wagon in 4:56½.

M. H. W., Boston.—Orrin Hickok, the driver of St. Julien, was born in Harpersfield, O., in 1839. His turf career began at an early age, he being employed in riding running horses. When he became too heavy to ride he turned his attention to trotting horses, locating himself at Fond du Lac, Wis., where he remained during the years 1856-6. He drove a number of match races at that place and around the country. In 1857 he kept the Cold Spring Course at Milwaukee.

OUR NATIONAL GAME.

A Glance Over the Diamond Fields of the Continent.

CHARLES CONNERY is getting better looking each day.

THE I. X. L.'s recently made short work of the young Spaulding, defeating them by a score of 23 to 6.

VON DEN ANN has fastened his hooks on Davis, who is a promising player, and will help to fill the box next season.

THE eleven men reserve rule is a great scheme, but reserving a man and signing him are two entirely different things.

"POWELL" Bradley, the best umpire the league can this day produce, will anchor in Philadelphia during the coming winter.

BARNES is determined to succeed, and he is willing to spend \$25,000 next season, if necessary, to put a good nine in the field.

BEN DOUGLASS will probably manage the new Boston club, which is to represent the "Hub" in the Union Baseball association.

THE St. Louis people gave Jack Chapman credit for able management in having his men appear on their ground on a muddy day, with a snowy white uniform, looking as nice as though it were brand new.

NEW talent is constantly being introduced into the league ranks. Myers, of the Fort Hurons, has been scooped in by the Buffaloes, and will no doubt bud out in the spring.

THE Metropolitan Exhibition company weakened on Harry Wright's salary, and consequently Philadelphia will get his services next season instead of New York.

THE pictures of the Boston club have appeared in a number of papers, and for the most part the cuts are beautiful affairs, making the men resemble convicts more than ball players.

IT is claimed that Jim Mutrie, as well as George Wright, has a finger in the pie in the new Boston club, which is to run under the 25-cent tariff and be a representative of the Union league.

THE arbitration committee of the League, American association and Northwestern league meet in this city Oct. 27, when action will be taken in reference to the reserve men who have refused to sign.

BALTIMORE's new club for the new baseball association has taken the name of the Monumental club, of Baltimore. The name is no doubt very appropriate, as they may yet become the monument of the Union League.

THE Columbus papers say that owing to the chilly weather only 600 people witnessed their closing game. It strikes us that 600 people is a pretty good crowd for Columbus to turn out even in the heat of the season.

FAVORITELY, late of the Brooklyn's, is now playing with the Providence club. He has many things yet to learn, and possibly he will not have quite such an exalted opinion of his abilities as a ball player by the time they are through with him.

THE Cincinnati club, while in Dayton, had a narrow escape from being "knocked out." The whole team, with the exception of Phil Powers, who is always left behind, crowded on to the elevator at the Becket House. Their weight was too much, and the whole business went down to the basement with a crash.

TUNNIS is trouble in all directions this season in getting players to sign, notwithstanding the reserve rule. The Eclipse club had to give good round salaries in order to get the signatures of Wolf, Mackrey, McLaughlin, Whiting, Hecker and Latham. Weaver, Sullivan and Browning are still holding out for bigger money.

YOUNG SERAP, the mushroom pitcher, who made such a hit with the Buffaloes against the Athletics, as "Boulder" would say, "wants to be fed turtle soup with a gold spoon." The club managers looked after him like flies, but he is holding back for the highest bidder, and if he holds out long enough he may possibly get a hundred thousand for next year.

WINNING the championship under small salaries, put pretty high ideas into the heads of the Boston players and while they are all reserved, not a man has put his signature to the contract for 1894. They have held several private meetings, but they have been unable to come to an agreement, as to the proper division of the earth, one or two of the men wanting the whole of it.

A FEW years ago baseball raged in Canada, when the Maple Leaves, of Quebec, and Tecumshas, of London, Canada, were in their prime. The former won the championship of the International Baseball association in 1877, the first year of its existence. The game since then has died out to a certain extent, until the past season, when it took a new lease on life, and flourished extensively.

THE American association, in order to crush out one of the new associations which is being formed, are contemplating the increase of their club membership from eight to twelve clubs, which will take the stamina of the association, which bid fair to become a great source of annoyance to the League, American and Northwestern associations, as the new association made provision to harbor all players who refused to recognize the eleven men reserve rule.

HARRY WILSON, the successful club manager, named his price for next season, which far exceeded what the Providence club were able to pay; consequently they gave up the idea of retaining him; since which there has been a pretty lively competition among other clubs to secure his services for 1894. It was thought by many that the New Yorks would get him, but they allowed Philadelphia to outbid them, and Harry will don the garb of a Quaker next season.



A KLEPTOMANIAC SOMNAMBULIST.

THE STRANGE DOINGS OF A FAIR SLEEPWALKER IN A FASHIONABLE BOARDING HOUSE, ON LEXINGTON AVENUE; NEW YORK.



FASHION'S NEW GOD.

HOW CUPID HAS BEEN SUPPLANTED BY HERCULES IN THE TRIVOLUS AFFECTIONS OF UPPERTENBOM.

A Bloody Street Duel.

The fierce controversy that has been waged for some time in Baltimore, Md., in municipal politics between rival factions, culminated on Oct. 11, in a bloody street duel between James E. Busey, a prominent Seventeenth ward politician, and William Harig, another celebrity.

The trouble grew out of a primary election for nomination for sheriff, Busey favoring Colonel Joyce, the successful candidate, while Harig was the champion of Mat. Donovan, the defeated candidate. About 11:30 o'clock, while Busey was leaving the City Hall, he was accosted by a politician named Washington Thaler, who accused him of having cheated in the election. One word led to another, when Busey, always a hasty man, drew his revolver and struck Thaler over the head with it. As he did so Harig, who was with Thaler, pulled out a heavy 42-calibre English bulldog pistol and fired at Busey, the ball striking him square in the abdomen. Busey returned the fire, forcing Harig into the middle of the street. Here, for fully five minutes the two men stood blazing away at each other.

North street was crowded at the time with pedestrians, who scattered in all directions, taking refuge in doorways or any place which offered refuge. Several ladies fainted and were made seriously ill by the shock. A young man



POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES

ELLA WESNER.

[Photo by Sarony.]

tween the eyes, felling him to the ground. Then throwing himself on the prostrate man he beat him over the head with his clubbed revolver.

By this time the police were on the ground and the street was packed with a dense mass of people and the City Hall, was emptied of its army of officials and clerks. Harig's weapon was wrenched from him and he was taken into custody, while Busey was assisted to the Central Police Station, which he reached in a dying condition. Baltimore was thrown into a state of great excitement by the event.

Ella Wesner.

Next to the "what is it?" Miss Wesner is probably the greatest curiosity on the American stage. Like the POLICE GAZETTE she must be seen to be appreciated. Next to seeing her our picture will give the best idea of what she is like to look at.

In a quarrel resulting from a political dispute, A. J. Whittington, sheriff of Amite county, was stabbed twice in the back at Liberty, Miss., on Sept. 29, and killed, by Eugene McElwee. After the murder McElwee was surrounded by a crowd, one of whom shot him, from the effects of which he died in 10 minutes. Both parties were Democrats and highly connected.



WILLIAM HARIG,

PROMINENT SPORT AND POLITICIAN, WHO TOOK PART IN A STREET DUEL IN BALTIMORE.

who was about entering the City Hall was seriously hurt by one of the flying bullets. Another bullet crashed through the window of the Inspector of Public Buildings in the lower floor of the City Hall, causing the occupants to beat a hasty retreat in terror. These stray shots were from Busey's pistol, for, having been terribly wounded in the outset, he was unsteady in his

aim. Harig's aim was good, four of his five shots telling.

The men calmly stood their ground until their weapons were emptied, when Busey, throwing away his pistol, closed with his antagonist. He must have been dazed, for he was bleeding internally and the blood was spurting from his mouth. Harig dealt him a terrible blow be



JAMES E. BUSEY,

A BALTIMORE POLITICIAN, WHO FELL BENEATH HARIG'S REVOLVER, OCT. 11.

Jack Looney.

In this issue we publish a portrait of Jack Looney, the king sporting man of St. Louis. Looney has been a pugilist, a backer of prize fighters, and when lovers of the ring made St. Louis their paradise Looney engineered and managed all these affairs. Looney has also stood referee in many a contest. He filled that position when Tom Allen fought McCoolle at Chateau Island, near St. Louis, in Allen and McCoolle's last battle, for \$2,000, when the Birmingham pugilist punished McCoolle so severely that the crowd yelled to take him away.

Looney's early opponents in the prize ring were Jim Coburn, whom he fought twice, and Cole, another pugilist of note.

Looney is now one of the leaders of politics in St. Louis, and keeps a first class sporting saloon, and swears by the POLICE GAZETTE.

Matthew H. Moore.

In this issue of the POLICE GAZETTE we publish the first picture of Matthew H. Moore, better known as "Rockey Moore," the retired pugilist, now a noted sporting man. He was born in county Limerick, Ireland, November 16, 1830, which makes him 44 years of age. From his early boyhood he was engaged in athletic pursuits, and when the war broke out he was captain of the 133d regiment of New York volunteers, and did glorious service in the war of the rebellion. Previous to that he kept a sporting house in Houston street, and was actively connected with all sporting events, making himself very popular. He figured as a sparrer in several exhibitions, and was always ready to box or fight anybody. He also served on the old Metropolitan Police force for a number of years, under Capt. Francis C. Speights.

In 1867 he decided to enter the prize ring. At that time George Rooke, the English pugilist, had gained considerable notoriety by defeating Charley Collins, better known as the "Cast Iron Man." Dan Noble being anxious to find a man to fight Rooke, matched an unknown against Rooke, and the mysterious individual turned out to be Rocky Moore. The fight was decided Oct. 2, 1867, at Smutty Nose Island, Isle of Shoals, Mass., which was largely attended by prominent sports from New York, Brooklyn, Boston, and other Eastern cities. The stakes were \$2,000. Rocky's seconds were Jim Cusick and Mike Costello, while Rooke had for esquires Pete Dailey and Jack Brown. Jim Collins officiated as referee. George obtained first blood in the first round, and was awarded first knock-down in the fifth, while Moore gained first fall in the opening bout. It was a very scientific battle, and one wherein thorough gameness was shown to be possessed by both contestants. In the commencement Rooke had the advantage, but after Rocky had recovered from the nervousness exhibited by him upon first coming to the scratch he took the upper hand, and Rooke got in comparatively few blows with any degree of force, Moore stopping his left handed pile drivers beautifully, and giving more than as good as he received, using both hands far better than George. In the infighting especially Matt shone superior to his antagonist, as likewise in wrestling, his display surprising his

**MISS NELLIE BURKE,**

THE NOTED WESTERN FEMALE RIDER.

[Photo by Scofield, of Kansas City.]

friends, who, though knowing him to be a rattling rough-and-tumble fighter and a skilled boxer, did not give him credit for possessing

the coolness, judgment and ability exhibited in this contest. During the last few rounds Rooke came up all abroad, only to be knocked down,

and was repeatedly urged by friends to give up, but he would not listen to such appeals. Finally he was knocked senseless in the 25th round, and Moore was hailed the winner of his maiden P. R. battle, the time occupied being one hour and four minutes. It was a well conducted affair, and the best man won.

Moore in this battle proved that if he wanted to follow up the checkered life of a pugilist he would be champion of the world. He had promised his family he would never fight again, and he kept his word. He has been engaged in contracting for several years, and now keeps a sporting house and cigar factory in French's Hotel, corner of Frankfort street and City Hall square.

Miss Nellie Burke.

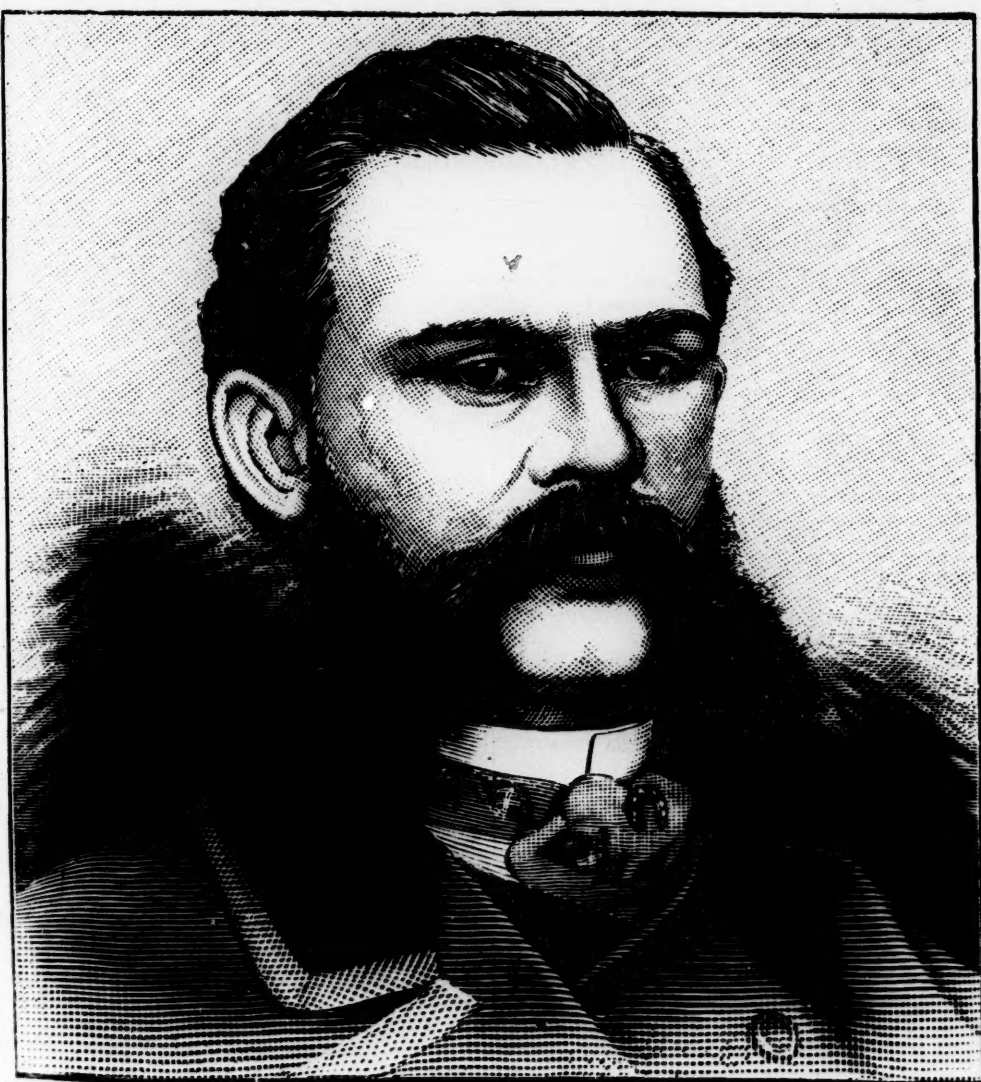
Miss Nellie Burke, of Omaha, Neb., whose portrait accompanies this sketch, is the originator of the ten and twenty-mile races, and without doubt the champion lady rider of the United States. Her spirit, nerve and endurance are equalled only by the grace with which she rides. She has issued several challenges to lady riders, but none have ever dared to meet her. In a challenge published in the Des Moines (Iowa) Register, she says:

"I have tried to get a chance to compete with Miss Belle Cook, champion of California; Miss Emma Jewett, champion of Minnesota; Miss M. B. Williams, champion of England; Miss Minnie Pinner, champion of Colorado, and Miss Nellie Curtis, champion of Kansas, in a ten or twenty-mile race, for \$1,000 a side, and if more than one of the above named parties accept this challenge, the money to become a stake to go to the winner, together with the money received from the track over which the contest takes place. If the race is a ten-mile, each lady shall not use more than five horses, nor make more than nine changes; or if it be a twenty-mile race each lady shall not use more than ten horses, nor make more than nineteen changes; the race to take place at Chicago, St. Louis, or Pittsburg.

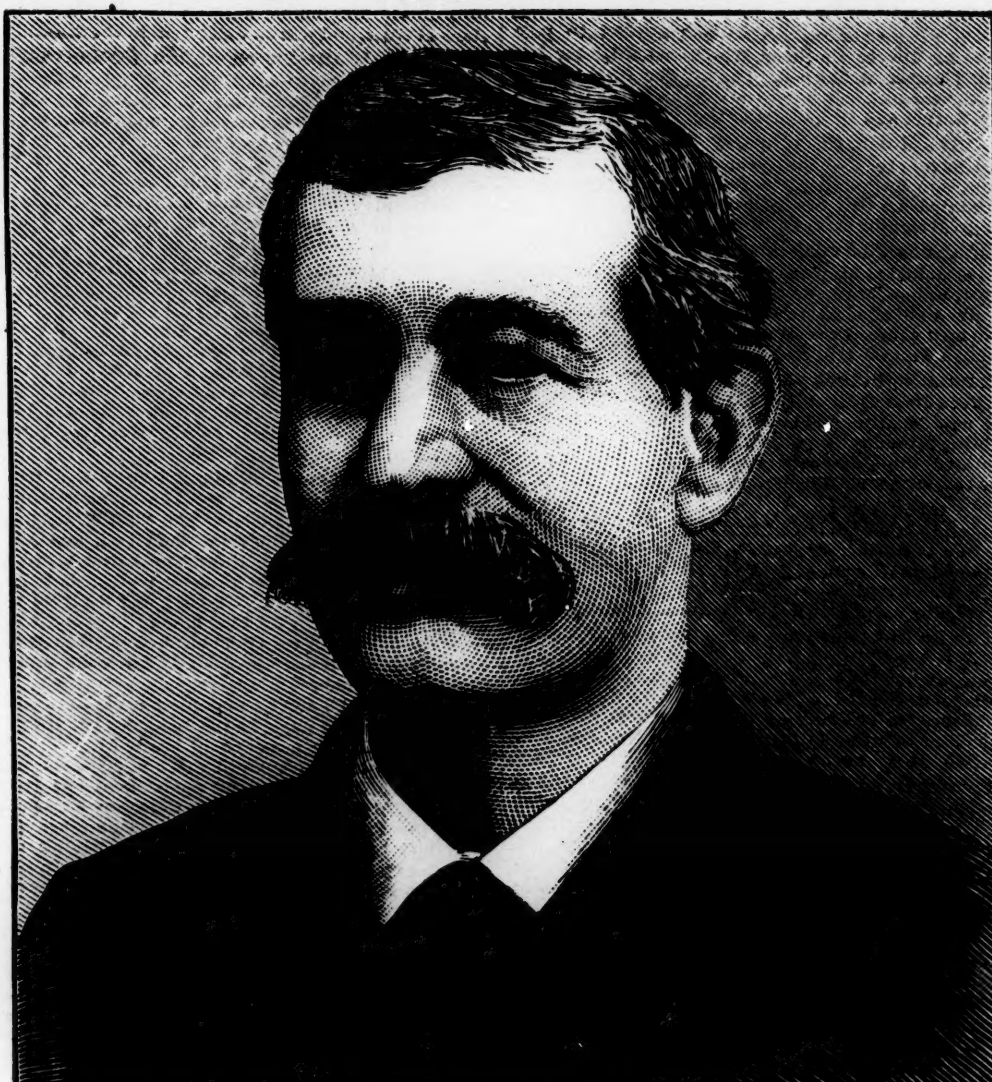
Making His Home in the Woods.

A wild youth who would rather live in a forest than at home, has recently been discovered at Natick, Mass. An officer who investigated the case, found that the young fellow had three different beds in as many localities, containing plenty of bedding, although he was quite shabbily clad. The knight of the woods had done his washing and had it drying on boughs of trees. It is said that he during some portion of each day would go to one Glainmir's house and procure food from the children, being sure, however, that Mr. Glainmir was absent. He is said to be the son of Mrs. Walsh, of South Natick, who is employed at the Wellesley shoe factory. He says the reason of his living as he has is because of the action of his mother.

An editor in Georgia says: "Gold is found in 36 counties in this State, silver in three, diamonds in 26, and whiskey in all of them, and the last gets away with all the rest."

**MATTHEW H. MOORE,**

BETTER KNOWN AS "ROCKEY MOORE," THE WELL KNOWN SPORTING MAN.

**JACK LOONEY,**

OF ST. LOUIS, MO., NOTED PUGILIST AND SPORTING MAN.

[Photos by Wood.]

SPORTING NEWS.

ANOTHER GREAT SERIES.
SECRETS OF THE STAGE.

Behind the Scenes and What Goes on There.

The Mysteries of the Theatre Unveiled by an Old Insider, and Superbly Illustrated. The opening Chapters of this superb and fascinating work appear in

FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS.

No. 28 Out Oct. 20. Price, 5 Cents.

TURNER defeated Williams by four feet in a 50 yard race, at Mahanoy City, Pa., Oct. 13.

DICK YARWOOD has opened a boxing school and gymnasium at No. 208 Eighth avenue, New York city.

PHIL MCGOWAN defeated John Bennett in a 100 yard race for \$200, at Hrocton, Mass., Oct. 13, by four yards.

HANLAN offers to make a match for \$5,000 a side to row Courtney, or to beat the best time Courtney can make.

CAPT. STUBBS not having accepted Capt. Bogardus challenge to a shooting match, has had his \$250 forfeit returned to him.

HINDA ROSE, placed the 3-year old record yet a little lower, by trotting in 2:19½, at Lexington, Ky., Oct. 10. She is a wonderful filly.

PADDY RYAN, the ex-champion, is negotiating for the purchase of a saloon in Denver, Col., where he intends residing for the future.

BRYAN CAMPBELL is in San Francisco, Cal., and it is said will issue a challenge in a few days to fight any man on the Pacific Slope, his weight.

GEORGE B. ALLEY, well known in trotting circles, and formerly owner of Dexter, died in this city, on the morning of October 16, of pneumonia.

At the meeting of the London athletic club, Sept. 29, C. E. Liles, the speedy English amateur bicyclist, won the mile race in 2m 57.25s, and the two miles in 6m 21s.

JOHN O'DONNELL, of Centalla, and Peter McNally, of Girardville, are matched to run five miles for \$200, at Ashland, Pa., Nov. 3. M. J. Happeny is training O'Donnell.

THE match race between the four-year old colts Harbinger and Gloster for \$500 took place on Oct. 9, at Maplewood Driving Park, and was won by Harbinger: best time, 2:40.

THE 100 yards match race between Seymour and Gorman was decided at Moosepath track, St. John, N. B., Oct. 10. Seymour, who was the favorite, led all the way, winning by five feet.

ANDRE CHRISTOL and Charles Pickamore engaged in a catch-as-catch-can wrestling exhibition at Newland's Opera House, Covington, Ky., Oct. 12. Christol was declared the winner.

PATSY HOGAN, the POLICE GAZETTE correspondent at San Francisco, Cal., writes to Richard K. Fox that Owey Geoghegan is greatly improved in health since he went to the Springs.

THE sprightly young pool player, Albert M. Frey, is to meet Joseph T. King, the champion pool player of Pennsylvania, in a match game for \$100, best 16 games out of 31, at Hudson, N. Y., on Saturday evening, Oct. 27.

AT Fair Oaks Park, England, October 17, the race for the Craven Plate was won by Cylindar, with Mount Pleasant second and Lord Rossmore's (formerly Mr. Lorillard's) five-year-old bay gelding Passaic third. There were seven starters.

MR. PIERRE LORILLARD has agreed to pay \$5,000 for Dwyer Brothers' Miss Woodford, after her racing career is finished. The Dwyer Brothers will have three good cup horses next year in George Kinney, Barnes and Miss Woodford.

HINDA ROSE, the property of ex-Gov. Stanford, having reduced the 3-year old running record to 2:19½, is to be permitted to rest on laurels that have certainly been well earned, and will be reserved for the great stallion stakes of Kentucky in 1884.

CHARLES LLOYD (alias "Cockney Charley") was assaulted at his place of business, No. 23, Lagrange street, Boston, Mass., on the night of October 15. He received an ugly gash with a knife behind the ear. Two men named Driscoll and McCarty were arrested charged with the crime.

A PRIZE fight took place at Ottawa, Ont., Oct. 17, between John Evans and D. McCallum, on the site of the new departmental building, for \$100 a side. After fighting 20 rounds the police arrived on the scene and captured the principals. They were subsequently fined \$20 each and costs in the police court.

JOHNSTON, the pacer, who recently covered a mile on the Chicago track in 2m 10s, beating all former records at trotting or pacing, has just been sold to Commodore Klutson, of St. Paul, Minn. The price paid was \$25,000. Little Brown Jug, the next fastest pacer, record 2:13½, is also owned by Commodore Klutson.

THE John L. Sullivan combination appeared at McKeesport, Pa., Oct. 17. Sullivan had offered \$500 to any man in the world who could stand before him during four rounds. James McCoy, of Pittsburg, who had figured in the ring on several occasions, took it upon him to win the prize, but McCoy was sent to sleep in 38, minus the money.

PADDY RYAN'S combination, under the management of Chas. E. Davies, of Chicago, is meeting with success. At Laramie City they appeared to packed houses. They played at Ogden on September 24, and show at the following places en route to San Francisco: Reno, Truckee, Nevada City, Carson, Sacramento, and then at San Francisco.

THE race between Jay-Eye-See and St. Julien, which was to have taken place at Chicago, Ill., on Oct. 13, was declared off, Hickok saying that the ex-king of the trotting turf is in no condition to again meet the little black wonder. Jay-Eye-See, on that date was to have made an attempt to beat his own record, but stormy weather prevented it.

THE three-mile, with a turn, scullers' race, between Ed. Moniger and George Gang, for \$200 a side, was rowed on the lower course on the Allegheny river, at Pittsburg, Pa., October 13. There was a large crowd to witness the race, and the betting was in favor of Moniger. It was a very exciting contest, Moniger winning by half a length, in 21m 40s. Fred Plaisted acted as referee.

THE ten-mile race on horseback between Mme. Maranette and Miss Myrtle Peek was decided at the Fair grounds, Lowell, Mass., on Oct. 9. The

conditions were that each should change horses at two-mile intervals, without touching ground. There was a good attendance to witness the race, which was very spirited. Mme. Maranette won in the remarkably good time of 20m 38½s.

A PRIZE fight took place at Farmington, N. H., on Oct. 11, between Denny Delaney, of Biddeford, Me., and Denny Cannon, of Dover, N. H., both well known athletes and pedestrians. There were about 300 spectators. Forty-nine rounds were fought in 1h 40m, when the crowd was dispersed by the police, and the fight declared "raw." Both men were badly punished and had to be carried from the ring by friends.

DAN O'LEARY and Wm. Edwards concluded a third six-days race in Melbourne, Australia, recently, and, as in the first two contests, O'Leary was again defeated. The score at the finish was—Edwards, 4:3 miles 4 laps; O'Leary, 4:57 miles 4 laps. Seven thousand spectators filled the exhibition building on the last evening. O'Leary entered a protest against Edwards receiving the stakes on the ground of fraudulent scoring.

JIMMY WEEDEN, the celebrated Pittsburg pugilist, who fought Owen Maloney last year, contemplates removing to Cincinnati, Ohio, where he will open a sporting saloon and give instructions in the art of self-defence. He authorizes us to state that he will fight any man in the world from 128 to 130 pounds, with hard or soft gloves, for from \$200 to \$500 a side, and from reliable reports he is able to back up all his claims with hard cash.

At the Newmarket, England, second October meeting, Oct. 11, the race for the Champion Stakes was won by Mr. Lefevre's five-year-old chestnut horse Tristan. The Duke of Hamilton's three-year-old bay colt Ossian came in second, and Lord Falmouth's four-year-old brown filly, Dutch Oven, third. There were six starters. The betting was 7 to 4 against Tristan, 9 to 4 against Ossian, and 5 to 1 against Dutch Oven. Tristan won by a neck.

LETTERS are lying at this office for the following: Thomas Brennan, Charles Courtney, C. Duncan (comic singer), Frank E. Dobson (harpist), George Fullames, Bob Farrell, Dick Garvin, Timothy Hursey, Tom Hume, John Lacey, William Madden, Geo. W. Moore, Wm. Muldoon (2), James Magowan, Frank Rose, Ed. Seward, Jack Stewart, John L. Sullivan, Frank Seton (3), Arthur Stanley, Robert Vint, Captain Webb, Geo. W. Wingate.

TOM CONNOR, the pugilist who twice defeated Tom Callas—on Aug. 21, 1880, for \$75 a side, in the London district, beating him in 11 rounds, 53 minutes, and again in Oct. 1881, when Callas succumbed to an unlucky blow after fighting 37 rounds, in 47½ minutes, died in London, England, Sept. 11, from the effects of an injury sustained about two months ago. Connor could never be induced to fight again after the unfortunate occurrence with Callas.

In spite of his pledge, John L. Sullivan, and his combination of sluggers, after their performance at Pottsville, Pa., Oct. 12, went on a little spree, accompanied by a lot of local sports. Some time after midnight they went to a disorderly house, and early in the morning the police made a descent on the place. The officers were refused entrance, and while Chief Pritchard was absent to get a warrant the sluggers escaped and left on a train for Wilkesbarre.

At Guttenburg, N. J., on Oct. 14, a prize fight was fought between Jack Carpenter and Pete Corcoran. At the call of time for the tenth round both men came forward, weakened and exhausted, and lifted their hands in fighting attitude and sparred for a moment. Suddenly Corcoran turned, walked to his corner, and then returning to Carpenter, put out his hands and acknowledged that he could fight no more. Thereupon the referee declared the fight Carpenter's.

THE premises of James Pilkington, the "Golden Oar," No. 276, Third avenue, New York city, was entered a few nights ago by burglars, the thieves carrying off among other things a valuable gold and silver cup presented by Richard K. Fox of the POLICE GAZETTE. The trophy was emblematical of the amateur sculling championship of the world, and had been won by Mr. Pilkington at a recent contest, on the Harlem river, and was on exhibition in the saloon.

THOMAS WARREN, champion featherweight of the Pacific coast, and Pilot Roach, heavyweight champion of Puget Sound, met in a glove contest for \$200, at Port Townsend, Washington Territory, recently. The conditions were that Roach was to knock out Warren in four rounds, which he failed to do. Warren, after the first round, had matters as he wished, and punished Roach badly. The referee, Thomas Delaney, announced Warren the winner, and the stakes were awarded to him.

W. G. GEORGE, the famous English runner, and H. Anderson, of the London Athletic club, engaged in a private match of 120 yards recently at the Little Bridge grounds, London, Eng. Odds of six to four were laid on Anderson, who got quickest to work and led easily at the half distance, and 20 yards from the finish he was a yard to the good. George then came with one of his rushes and won by about a foot, in a trifle under 13s. George's unexpected victory was hailed with tremendous applause.

A PRIZE fight came off about two miles from Waverly, Minn., recently, between a man named Young, and one called Delbec. The "mill" arose out of some old trouble which the men had, and they agreed to settle it in the ring. The battle lasted 1h 30m, during which both were badly punished. Delbec receiving the lion's share. Young was declared the winner, but was badly used up, having his right hand "stove up" and both eyes in mourning. Delbec fought a "game battle," but his opponent had the advantage, being a larger man.

On October 14, Jack Carpenter and Pete Corcoran fought for a purse on the heights near Guttenburg, N. J., in the presence of about fifty persons. Neither of the men displayed much science, but both were willing, and considerable punishment was given and received during the battle. Corcoran finally, on feeling the scratch for the tenth round and before a blow had been struck, gave in. The winner was seconded by Paddy Murray and Corcoran was attended to by Jim Langley. James Fitzgibbons was referee and John Murray timekeeper.

A DESPATCH from Wilkesbarre, says: The exhibition of the sluggers at City Garden Hall, Oct. 14, is said to have been a very tame affair. It lasted about an hour and consisted of "three rounds" each between Mike Gillespie and Steve Taylor, Pete McCoy and Slade, Steve Taylor and John L. Sullivan, Richard Griffith and McCoy, and Slade and Sullivan. Those present left the hall laboring under the impression that they had received a light equivalent for their money. The arrival of the sluggers created quite an excitement among a certain class of our citizens.

THE 15-mile bicycle race at Athletic Park, Washington, Oct. 17, between John Keen, of England, and Higham and Prince, for a purse of \$500, was won by Keen, after a hard contest, in 49m 7½s. Prince came in second, in 49m 7½s, and Higham only a quarter of a second behind Prince. The latter broke two spokes of his machine on the ninth mile, when lead-

ing, and two more on the tenth mile, the accident handicapping him. He also claimed a "foul," on the ground that Keen had crowded him out of his place, but the claim was not allowed.

W. G. GEORGE and W. Snook, the English amateur runners are to engage in a series of three contests, viz.:—a one, a two and a four-mile race. The one mile will be decided at Little Bridge, London, the two and four miles at the Aston Lower Grounds, Birmingham. The recent successes of George have had the effect of making his friends very sanguine of victory at the three distances; but on the other hand a great many of Snook's admirers are of the opinion that he will prove the better man at the two and four miles. At last advice both men were in active training.

THE race between the crack catamarans, Jessie and Duplex, was sailed on October 12. The course was from off Twelfth street, Hoboken, to Robins' Reef buoy; thence to buoy 13, on the west bank; thence east and north of Fort Lafayette; thence south and west of Robins' Reef buoy to Communipaw dock. It was a well contested race all through until nearing the close at Communipaw dock, Jersey City, when the Duplex made a mistake in the course, and by good seamanship the Jessie passed in ahead of her rival by 1m 10s. Great credit is due Frederick Hughes for the manner in which he handled the Jessie.

THE three-mile walking match between Thomas B. Fielders, formerly of the *Miner's Journal* staff, and Ed. C. Holske, champion short distance walker of America, was decided at Pottsville, Pa., October 13. Fielders was allowed a start of 600 yards, and won, in 22m 30s, by 400 yards. The stakes were \$600. Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, was chosen as referee, but owing to important business was unable to be present. He, however, sent the sporting editor to act in his place. Prior to the walking match there was a five-mile race, in which Peter McNally defeated George Caton, Christ. Bartlett and John Manley, in 30m 55s.

THE Cesarewitch was a disappointment to those Americans who plunged on Grosje, on the strength of reports that Mr. Walton had backed the mare to win vast sums. There can be no doubt that the mare was backed, as she made a rapid advance in the betting, between the time the betting opened until the horses went to the post, but it is likely that Mr. Walton has backed the mare to win more money in the Cambridgehire than he did for the Cesarewitch, and, at the weights, Grosje should possess a good chance, if she has retained her last season's form. The winner, Don Juan, is but a moderate horse at best, and got in light, as did Hackness, with 102 lbs.

THE wrestling match between Viro Small, better known as Black Sam, and George Hicks, was decided at Hill's theatre, this city, on Oct. 15. The conditions were collar-and-elbow, "Police Gazette" rules, for \$50. Black Sam was the favorite, and his herculean proportions showed the contestants to be badly matched. Hicks acted on the defensive in the first round, which lasted eight minutes, and resulted in his overthrow by the formidable right leg of Black Sam. The second round lasted ten minutes, the colored man being thrown, much to the disgust of the majority present. The third round was tedious, and lasted nearly twenty minutes. Three times Hicks nearly threw his opponent, but was finally overcome by the superior strength of Sam.

THE following parties called on Richard K. Fox, at the POLICE GAZETTE Publishing House, during the week: James McHugh, formerly of Chicago, now of New York; James Barry, Jem Mace, Harry Montague, Capt. J. C. Daly, Tom McAlpine, Joe Pendergast, Joe Coburn, Ed. F. Mallahan, Nathan Lovell, alias Young Nixey; Gus Lambert, McHenry Johnson, Charlie Norton, Dick Yarwood, Andy Armstrong, Bob Smith, Charley Mitchell, Harry Monroe, Gus Hill, Wallace Ross, James Pilkington, Prof. Walter Watson, of London, Eng.; Norman McLeod Anderson, Steamship State of Nevada; Jack Goulding, Jim Keenan, Boston; Frank Stevenson, Harry Brooks, Sheriff Brown, Richmond county, Staten Island; Edwin Bibby, Græco-Roman wrestler; Mike Donovan.

At the conclusion of the wrestling tournament at Rochester, N. Y., under the management of Richard K. Fox, Mervine Thompson, of Rochester, and Dennis Gallagher of Buffalo, made a match for \$100 a side, best three in five falls, at mixed wrestling. The contest took place in the Corinthian Academy of Music, with Duncan C. Ross as referee. The first bout, collar-and-elbow, was won by Gallagher in 4:30. The second, side hold in harness, was won by Thompson in 6:00. The third, at catch-as-catch-can, was won in 5:00 by Thompson. The fourth, collar-and-elbow, by Gallagher in 7:00, and the fifth, side hold in harness, by Gallagher in 7:00. The last bout was very exciting, and was won by the Buffalo boy because Thompson broke his hold. The referee's decisions were satisfactory.

C. A. HARRIMAN, whose feat of endurance in walking 100 miles without leaving the track, set Truckee, Cal., a talking some months ago, walked 122 miles in North Bloomfield, Cal., recently, under the same conditions, covering the distance in 25h and 58m. Harriman wants to do more than this, and states that he will go to any town within a reasonable distance of Nevada City, and for an inducement of \$500 walk 200 continuous miles. The persons putting up the money may have the entire gate receipts and need pay him nothing if he fails. If he wins he will deposit the \$500 in a bank and give it to any man in the world who will make as good a record, provided the citizens of the town where the attempt takes place will give \$500 more to the same man, if successful. If he fails to do as well as Harriman, all that Harriman asks is to receive his own \$500 and to receive one-half the gate money, the citizens receiving the other half.

A HARD glove fight between Joe Monaghan and T. Bourke came off recently at Union Hall San Francisco, Cal. Harry Maynard acted as timekeeper, and Bill Savage as master of ceremonies. Monaghan was seconded by Jack Maynard and Jack McAuliff, while Dan Kine and Tom Barry performed the duties of seconds for Bourke. Upon the call of "time" both men advanced to the scratch. A few blows were exchanged, when they clinched, and Bourke was thrown. This ended the first round. When time was again called Monaghan came up looking as fresh as when he commenced. Bourke failed to respond, claiming that his ankle was sprained. The crowd howled its disapproval, and amid hisses, jeers and a terrible uproar the match was given to Monaghan. Before the fight came off Jim Slattery challenged Jack Brady for \$100 or \$150 a side. Brady accepted. Maynard, for an unknown, accepted Tom Barry's challenge to fight for \$250 a side.

In Shakespeare Hall, Syracuse, N. Y., Oct. 13, about 600 persons assembled to see a sparring match between Hial H. Stoddard and Owen McManus, lately of Chicago, for \$100 a side. In the second round McManus claimed a foul, but "Bennie" Greene, Stoddard's second, declared that there was no foul, and ordered Stoddard to go on. McManus' second then stepped in front of Stoddard, and Stoddard struck him. A free fight followed, in which most of the per-

sons on the stage participated with fists and chairs. The police stopped the fighting. To-day Stoddard and McManus, "Bennie" Greene and George Weirs, the seconds; John Carleton, McManus' umpire, and four others were arrested and charged with committing a breach of the peace. They gave bail. Stoddard also entered bail on a charge of assault with a deadly weapon. Charles Martin asserted that Stoddard came to-day to the place where he was at work and struck him on the head with a piece of iron, threatening to kill him. Martin and Stoddard had a rough and tumble fight on the stage last night while the general fight was going on.

LATEST advices from Patsy Hogan, the POLICE GAZETTE San Francisco, Cal., correspondent, says that Muldoon, the "would be" champion Græco-Roman wrestler, has left that city for Portland, to engage in another "hippodrome match" with Donald Dinnie. The sporting public there, as well as in New York, are tired of his "sauce exhibitions." Young McNulty fought a terrible glove fight with Jack Howard, for a purse. McNulty was declared the winner in five rounds. Maud Gray and Jennie Young boxed four rounds, Marquis of Queensberry rules, at Patsy Hogan's, for a purse of \$25. The former was declared the winner amid loud applause. Great interest was attached to this encounter, owing to it being the first meeting in that city between two females. Jack Brady and Jerry Campbell are matched to fight according to the London prize ring rules, for \$200, the latter end of this month. Tom Barry and young Downie are to box, Marquis of Queensberry rules, for \$250 a side, at Union Hall. Gus Guerrero and F. Fredermeyer started from the Chronicle building, San Francisco, Oct. 7, each to wheel a barrow to New York. The winner is to receive \$2,000, and he is to finish at the *Herald* office.

On Oct. 13, Scranton, Pa., was in a state of riot all day owing to the John L. Sullivan sluggers, who were advertised to give a fistie exhibition at the armory in the evening. The owners of the armory refused to let the building, and it was then arranged to have the sparring exhibition at the Driving Park at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. There was a large crowd there at that hour, although it was raining heavily. When Sullivan and his party drove up in a carriage there was a yell, but this was followed by groans as soon as it was ascertained that the champion would not spar on the slippery track. Sullivan then drove away to avoid the storm of indignation, and the disappointed mob proceeded to vent its rage on the money takers at the gates. The cash box was forcibly seized, and in fighting for it several persons were trampled under foot and badly bruised. A man who tried to run away with the box was pitched into the river, but was rescued. At length a man on horseback got possession of the cash box, and rode off with it amid a shower of stones. On returning to the city Sullivan was surrounded by an angry crowd. While he was in a barber shop a fight ensued on the sidewalk, and a riot was threatened. Two policemen were knocked down, and one was kicked in the face. Sullivan got away by a back door and went to his room at the hotel. The hotel proprietor, fearing violence, locked up the place.

THERE is every probability of a great wrestling match being arranged between H. M. Dufur, of Marlboro, Mass., and John McMahon, of New York, for \$1,000 a side and the collar-and-elbow wrestling championship of the world. McMahon forwarded \$200 forfeit with the following deft:

ST. ALBANS, VT., Oct. 15, 1883.

Richard K. Fox, Esq.:

SIR—I hereby challenge H. M. Dufur, of Marlboro, Mass., to wrestle me, collar-and-elbow, POLICE GAZETTE rules, best two in three falls, for \$500 to \$1,000 a side and the championship of America. To prove I mean business I forward you \$200, and I will meet Dufur and his backer at the *Herald* office, Boston, on Oct. 22, to sign articles. In order that Dufur may have every opportunity of meeting me in the arena, and that there will be no hitch in selecting a referee, I propose the following names to select from: E. B. Rankin, of the *Boston Herald*; A. A. Fowle, sporting editor of the *Boston Globe*; Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE; David Blanchard, of Boston; Al. Steiner, *Turf, Field and Farm*; William B. Curtis, *Spirit of the Times*; Col. J. H. McLaughlin, A. Has-kins, *Boston Star*; John L. Sullivan and A. Smith. Richard K. Fox also to be final stakeholder. This is my last effort to try and arrange a match with Dufur, and if he is not afraid I can defeat him he will cover my money and accept my fair terms.

JOHN McMAHON.

Champion collar-and elbow wrestler of America. We understand Dufur intends to accept the terms McMahon proposes, providing the stakes are held by Richard K. Fox, and he is to meet McMahon on Oct. 22 to arrange a match. Dufur and McMahon have only met as opponents once in the arena; that contest was for the championship and \$2,000, and was contested at Boston on March 16, 1880, when, after wrestling six hours and twenty minutes, the match ended in a draw.

M. MAMON, the champion wrestler of France has arrived in this city. Mamon has defeated all the wrestlers of England and France, and he now comes to America to try and win fame and fortune by competing against the champions of this country. Mamon called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Oct. 17, and stated that he was prepared to wrestle Edwin Bibby, or any wrestler in this country, from Maine to Oregon, Mamon left the following challenge:

NEW YORK, Oct. 18, 1883.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE: SIR—I am prepared to arrange a match to wrestle any man in America (Edwin Bibby preferred), best two in three falls, Græco-Roman style, "Police Gazette" rules, for \$250 or \$500 a side. I shall be ready to arrange a match at any time, man and money will be found at the POLICE GAZETTE office.

M. MAMON.

Champion wrestler of France. Mamon stands 5 ft 8 in in height, and weighs 185 lbs. He measures 43 in across the chest, and is a perfect Hercules for strength, and an Achilles for scientific wrestling. If Bibby agrees to meet Mamon, there will be a very interesting match.

EDWIN BIBBY, the famous English Græco-Roman wrestler, who has completed nine times in the arena with Joe Acton, the "Little Demon," and has met all the best wrestlers in the world, has arrived in this city from San Francisco, Cal. He called on Richard K. Fox on Friday, October 19, and requested him to publish the following reply to M. Mamon's (the champion wrestler of France) challenge: "I am prepared to make a match with the Frenchman, Græco-Roman style, best two in three falls, any suitable hall in New York, for \$250 or \$500 a side, and will meet him at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Friday, October 26 at 10 o'clock, to post a forfeit and make arrangements for the match."

EDWIN BIBBY.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

FOR WAKEFULNESS.

DR. WM. P. CLOTHIER, Buffalo, N. Y., says: "I prescribed it for a Catholic priest, who was a hard student, for wakefulness, extreme nervousness, etc. He reports great benefit."

ON Oct. 6 at Harry Maynard's sporting resort, No. 43 Pine street, San Francisco, Cal., there was a large crowd to witness the glove contests and other sports. The first to put in an appearance were June Dennis (colored) and Harry Downie, who sparred four rounds which gave general satisfaction. Jack Coffey and Tommy Kelly next put on the gloves for four rounds. Professor Maynard followed with his musical act on the bones, representing John L. Sullivan knocking out Charley Mitchell and Slade. Charley Mooney and Johnny Sullivan gave a good exhibition of the manly art, which was followed by Harry Maynard and Tom Kelly with four scientific rounds. The event of the evening was the glove fight between Jim Hall, the colored middleweight champion, and Joe Martell, for a purse of \$25. A noted sport selected from the audience filled the position of referee. When time was called both men went at it hammer and tongs, and the spectators were wild with excitement. In the fifth round Hall went down without a blow, and the referee decided the fight in favor of Martell. Time, 18m 43s. Hall had the best of the encounter and there is talk of matching them again.

A RATTING prize fight took place at Bullion, Idaho, recently, between Mike Cherry and Maurice Terry, better known as "Stack," two miners. The stakes were \$200 a side. About 200 spectators witnessed the "mill." Stack weighed 161 lbs, and Cherry 159 lbs. Both men were confident of winning, but after the third round Cherry was the favorite at 2 to 1, and contrary to expectations Stack threw him in the eighth round, falling heavily upon him, which seemed to paralyze Cherry. From this to the fourteenth round Stack had everything his own way, beating his opponent's face raw, besides knocking out two of his teeth. Cherry's friends seeing he had no chance, took him away, although he pleaded piteously to be allowed to remain a few rounds longer. Stack was apparently as fresh as when he started. Cherry's friends claim that he was not in condition to fight, having been drinking heavily a week before, and had not been in bed for 48 hours before the "mill." The general opinion among the miners is that it was one of the hottest contests ever seen on the Pacific coast.

THE SAILOR'S WIFE THE SAILOR'S STAR SHALL BE

"*** The boy's pock-marked face showed he had had his share of suffering already. Accompanying him was a robust figure, whose fair complexion was sun burnt, and told of his sailor's life. 'My wife,' said he, 'asked me to take a ticket in the Monthly Drawing for September (the 18th) of the Louisiana State Lottery, of M. A. Dauphin, at New Orleans, La., and now I present one-fifth of ticket No. 69,515, which drew the capital sum of \$75,000 for \$1.00. Extract from a local, New Orleans (La.) Freypress, Sept. 14.

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A MEDICINAL JELLY, which never changes or loses its medicinal properties, is a positive cure for Salt Rheum, Tetter, Psoriasis, Leprosy, Scald Head, Dandruff, and all itching and scaly diseases of the skin and scalp, with Loss of Hair, Scrofulous Ulcers, Sores, and Discharging Wounds; Cuts, Wounds, Bruises, Scalds and Burns; Rheumatism and Sprains, Chills, Cracked and Chapped Skin; Itching Piles and Delicate Itching Humors peculiar to both sexes, if the blood and perspiration are first purified with the RESOLVENT. CUTICURA is the most wonderful healing application known and should be kept constantly in the house as a pure, sweet, and always reliable agent.

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SHERIFF'S REPORT.

Under date of May 16, 1893, Mr. ISAIAH COOK, formerly sheriff of Skowhegan, Me., writes as follows: "I have been afflicted for over twenty (20) years with a weakness of the kidneys and liver, and have had severe pains in the back and sides, which were brought upon me in the first place by exposure during my stay in California during the early settlement of the land of gold. At times my water troubled me very much, and after trying many different means without receiving any benefit, I was induced to try Hunt's Remedy, although I was much prejudiced against it and all other medicines. I purchased a bottle at Cushing's drug store, here in Skowhegan, and I found that the first bottle relieved all pains in the back and sides; and I have, in my family, used five bottles in all, and have found it a medicine of real merit and of great value, and have gladly recommended it to many of my friends and neighbors, who universally praise it in high terms. You are at liberty to use my name for the benefit of suffering humanity."

TIMELY ADVICE.

I have been troubled with kidney disease and gravel for a long time, with severe pains in my limbs and back, with inflammation of bladder. My sufferings were terrible. I tried several physicians, all to no purpose—I found that I was growing very feeble. I was discouraged, and lost faith in physicians and medicine, when a friend from Malden, who had been cured by Hunt's Remedy of gravel and liver complaint, recommended it to me, and from the first bottle I commenced to improve, and three bottles have entirely cured me, and I heartily thank my friend for his timely advice to use Hunt's Remedy, for all the pains have gone from my back, and I am in excellent condition, and I feel that a word from me may be the means of saving some friend that may be suffering as I did, before taking Hunt's Remedy, the best kidney and liver cure.

SAMUEL LITTLEFIELD, No. 1422 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

May 12, 1893.



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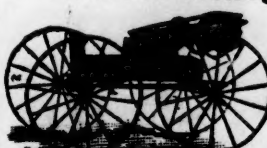
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The Champion's Rest. 924 Ridge Ave., near Wood street, Philadelphia. Arthur Chambers, retired light-weight champion pugilist of the world, proprietor—is the leading sporting house in Philadelphia. All the famous pugilists appear every Saturday night, and guests provided with the best wines, liquors and cigars. Admission free.

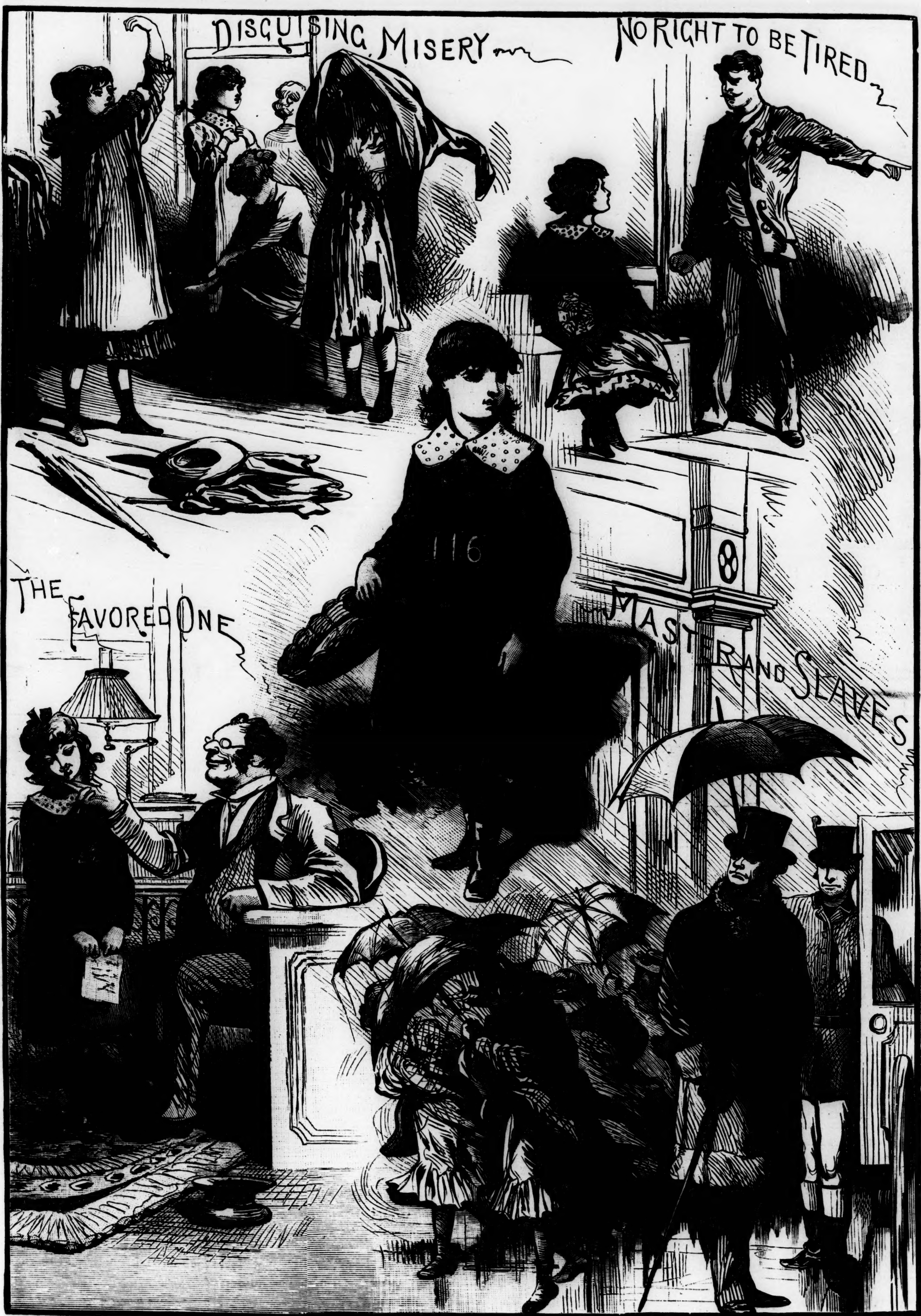
Captain James C. Daly, the Irish Champion Athlete. "Police Gazette" Sporting Hall, 285 Avenue A, between 18th and 19th streets. Boxing and wrestling every night by champions of the arena. Daly is always ready and on hand to box and wrestle all comers.

Pa-tine Park, Philadelphia. Great sporting resort. Joe Acton & Hoyle, Proprietors. Best wines, liquors and cigars. Large running track, gymnasium, etc., for athletic events, open all the year round.

The leading Sporting House of the Pacific Coast is kept by Patsy Hogan at 1 Morton Street, San Francisco. Sparring and singing nightly.

Harry Hill's Great Sporting Variety Theatre, 26 East Houston St., New York. Variety and boxing performance every evening. Sacred concert every Sunday night.

Jem Coyne's Sporting House, "The Office," cor. Hamilton and Columbia sts., Newark, N. J.



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